Feb. 9, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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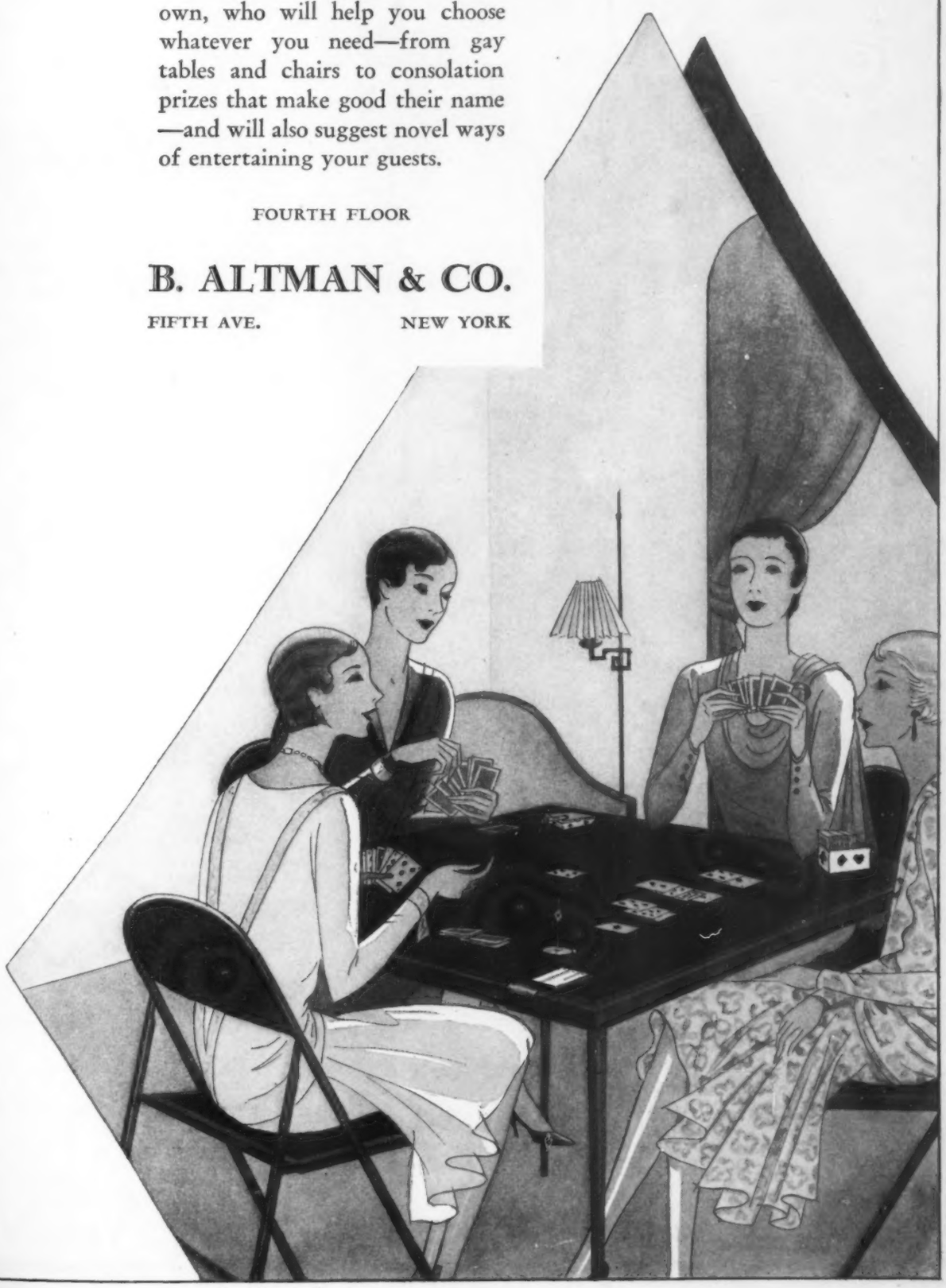

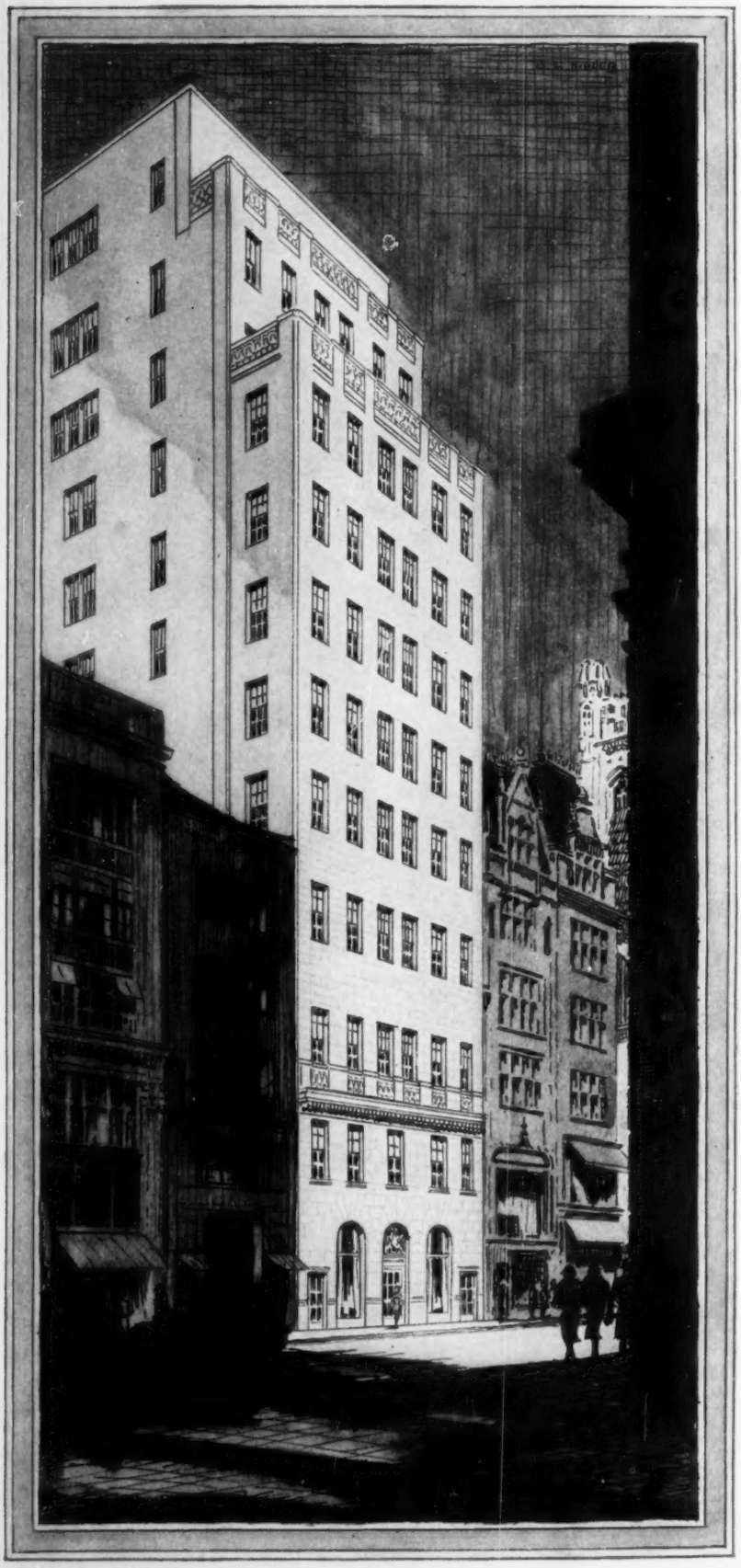

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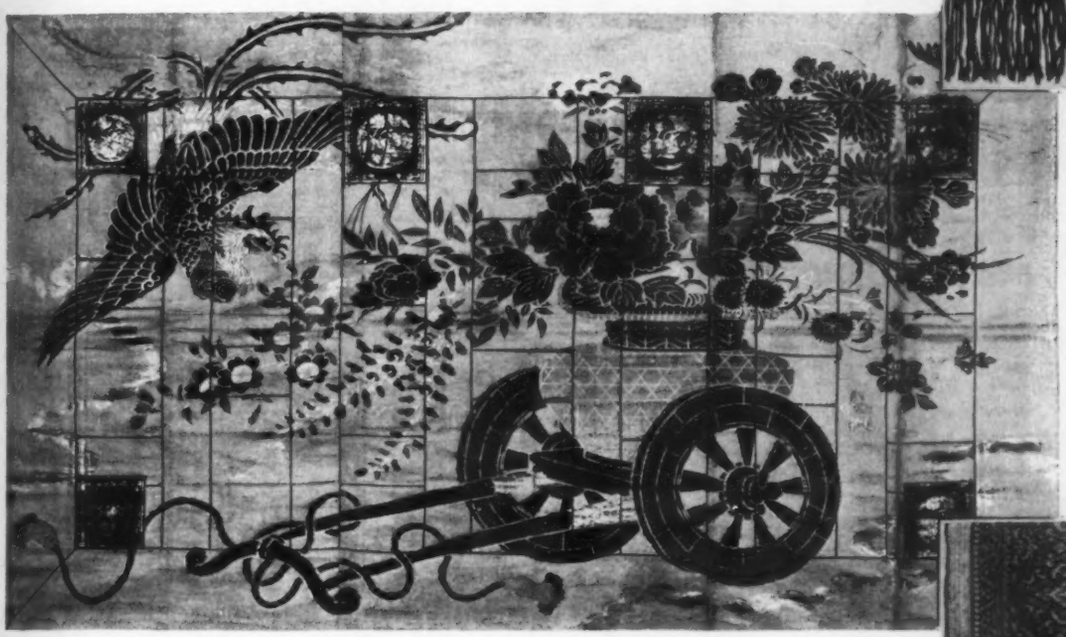
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. IV, No. 51, February 9, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

A splendid piece of brocade or a vivid sarong — Oriental Textiles at 20% less



Fabrics woven many years ago, many thousands of miles away, by patient yellow fingers. Brocades from Japanese temples and embroideries from Chinese palaces, inimitably fine, brilliant! Ingeniously dyed batiks from Java. Perpetually gleaming cloths of gold and silver from Sumatra. And rugged, hand-woven fabrics from strange, far-off islands; from Soemba, and Soembawa, from Borneo and Bali. In the new location of the Department for Oriental and Occidental Art, 8th Floor, East Building. Also in progress, an exhibition and sale of antique English silver and Sheffield plate.

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MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTHWHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—The atmosphere of Edith Wharton's novel of New York in the seventies transferred to the stage in a slow play full of renunciations, and worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40. Extra Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

CAPRICE—A comedy so perfectly acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that its unimportance becomes unimportant. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Lincoln's Birthday, Wed., and Thurs. at 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 8.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in a fine production of Tchekov's play. (Sat. Mat., Feb. 9; Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Feb. 11 and 14.) . . . "On the High Road," Tchekov's one-act play and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy. (Sat., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Feb. 9, 13, and 15.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Tues. and Wed. Mats., Feb. 12 and 13.) . . . "John Gabriel Borkman," another Ibsen revival. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 12.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Mat., Feb. 16.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman." Molière translated. (Sat. Eve., Feb. 16.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden reviving his fine portrait of Rostand's hero. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The best of all newspaper plays. (Times Square, 42, W.)

GYPSY—Maxwell Anderson's tragedy of a girl who despises her alley-cat instincts but can't overcome them. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Lincoln's Birthday and Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JEALOUSY—Fay Bainter, John Halliday, and the telephone, involved in a crime of passion. An absorbing evening. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—A mild and episodic play notable chiefly for Ethel Barrymore's performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Extra Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—Extra-marital love in the suburbs. A thesis play, but a good one, and very well acted. (Booth, 45, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

MERRY ANDREW—The pleasant comedy of what retirement did to a man who wasn't prepared for it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

MOISSI—Last appearances this season of the noted German actor: Ibsen's "Ghosts," Fri. Eve., Feb. 8; Sat. Mat., Feb. 9. . . . Tolstoi's "Redemption," Sat. Eve., Feb. 9. (Forrest, 49, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—The feminine half of a badger game de luxe falls into her own trap. An urbane comedy, with Alice Brady. (Cort, 48, E. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

PARIS—Routine farce, with Irene Bordoni singing some priceless songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof, murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:25 P.M. Mats. Lincoln's Birthday and Fri. 2:25 P.M.)

POPPA—The amusing comedy of the home life of a Grand Street politician. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Mon. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Eugene O'Neill's cycle of one-act sea plays: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve., except Mon., at 8:40. Mat. Sat. only at 2:40.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The adventures of a soft-hearted heroine in the wonderland of a sharply satirized society. With Ruth Gordon, Constance Collier and A. E. Matthews. (Morosco, 45, W. Extra Mat. Lincoln's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—A nine-act work that is now in its second year. Eugene O'Neill assisted by the Guild, and worth seeing. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Lincoln's Birthday and Thurs.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—How a young scientist masters the atom, and what the British Cabinet does about it, set forth in an absorbing play. (Alvin, 52, W.)

ZEPPELIN—Wildly impossible but occasionally scary melodrama of an airship with a leper stowaway. (National, 41, W.)

NOTE—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," portraying events leading to the great railroad rescue, and played just as it was fifty years ago, can be seen at the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken. (Hoboken 8088). Eves. at 8:30, and Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The wild and unrelenting madness of the Brothers Marx. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

BLACKBIRDS—If you've never heard the tap-tap of Bill Robinson's feet, don't miss this colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

CHAUVE SOURIS—All the lesser virtues of Balieff's previous shows but no new high spots. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Fri. Engagement ends Sat., Feb. 16.)

FOLLOW THRU—A gay, spirited show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W. Extra Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

GOOD BOY—An average musical heavily indebted to its scenic effects. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

HELLO DADDY!—A plot that insults you but a cast you can forgive. With Lew Fields. (Cohan, B'way at 43. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

THE RED ROBE—Stanley Weyman's romantic novel made into swashbuckling operetta, with Walter Woolf. (Shubert, 44, W. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

SHOW BOAT—Now in its second year, and we wouldn't mind if it went along for many more. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—London's wittiest and smartest revue assumes the same position in New York. With Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers pinch-hitting for Fred Stone. He's at his best. We can't shout any louder than that. (Globe, B'way at 46. Mat. Lincoln's Birthday.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb. Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

DYNAMO—A new play by Eugene O'Neill, produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Mon., Feb. 11. (Martin Beck, 45, W.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

FIORETTA—A musical comedy with Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, and Lionel Atwill. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Dancing to Larry Siry's orchestra in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—Noisy Village rendezvous which is good fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd and excellent music, with Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Music by the former Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Irene Bordoni and Aaronson's Commanders. Harry Richman himself will be there Fri. and Sat., Feb. 8 and 9 only.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Good food in a Don Dickerman setting. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, with the Duncan Sisters and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

NEW VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The

(Continued on page 6)

IN THE CASUAL MODE OF TODAY THE SWEATER IS ALL IMPORTANT

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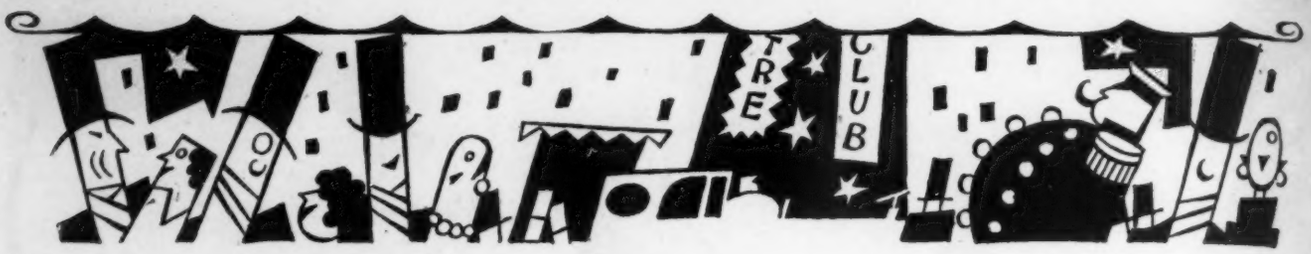


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Small, Russian, and chic, with a tiny dance floor.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of places are: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante hold forth; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White to amuse you; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has an entertaining show; Texas Guinan's Club Intime, 203 W. 54, with Texas Guinan and her gang.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq., are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the best places without a knowing guide, but you will find Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, worth visiting. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, and is best on Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—A fair picture derived from Barrie's "Half an Hour," and notable for the very pleasant acting of Ruth Chatterton. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Fri., Feb. 8; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice in a Vitaphone picture that features her songs. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Passion in the backwoods vividly portrayed by Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

SCARLET SEAS—Shipwreck and mutiny east of Suez, with Richard Barthelmess. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 12 and 13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—Quite an interesting story that deals with a naif soldier and a distinctly sophisticated young lady. With Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 12 and 13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the followers of Al Jolson, with a successful Vitaphone. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

SINS OF THE FATHERS—Emil Jannings' new picture, the story of a waiter who becomes a big bootlegger. Very well acted especially in the comedy scenes. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

TWO DAYS—Another vivid, well-acted Russian picture of the Revolution. (Film Guild Cinema, 52 W. 8; performances continuous daily from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Alias Jimmy Valentine," William Haines as the safe-breaker and Lionel Barrymore as the hard-boiled detective make this worth while; "The Barker," fair enough movie version of the play about circus life; "The Rescue," romance of the South Seas, from Conrad's novel, well portrayed.

ART

BILLINGS—First one-man show of a newcomer: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BOUDIN—Retrospective show of one of the early French masters: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CUBISM—Examples of pre-war work, Derain, Miro, etc.: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DUCHAMP-VILLON—Memorial works of one of the moderns in sculpture: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 9.

GANSO—Paintings; also sculpture by Flannagan and monotypes by Campbell: Whitney, 10 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 9.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Annual exhibit of an unusual painter: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—Modern prints by the famous from Delacroix to Laurencin: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Fri., Feb. 15.

SOVIET—Hundreds of paintings, and handicraft, from the new republic: 12th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 12 to 6 P.M.

WATER COLORS—Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and other modern French: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 16.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise noted. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

PAUL KOCHANSKI—A stylist of the fiddle. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 8.

RUTH BRETON—An uncommonly gifted young violinist. Gallo Theatre, 54, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Feb. 10.

GANNA WALSKA—Probably an event. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Feb. 12.

CLARA RABINOVITCH—A younger generation pianist who is arriving. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 12.

SERGE RACHMANINOFF—The idea is to get tickets at once. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 16.

FELIX SALMOND—One of the major cellists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 16.

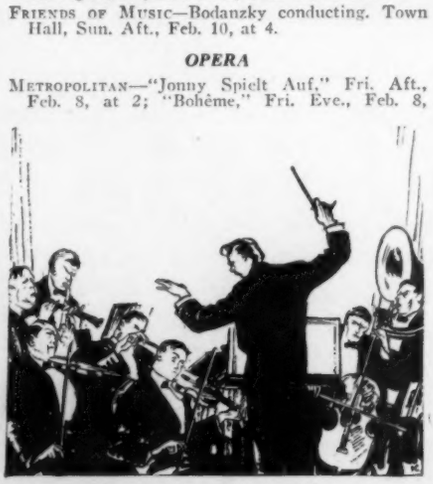
LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Modern music, rendered by Walter Gieseking, pianist, Ruth Rodgers, soprano, and the Pro Arte Quartet. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 16.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 10; Thurs. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting (Children's Concert): Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Feb. 9, at 11. . . . Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 16, at 8:45.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 10, at 4.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Jonny Spielt Auf," Fri. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2; "Bohème," Fri. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:15; "Tosca," Sat. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2; "Manon," Sat. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

The annual Wagner Matinée Cycle will start on Wed. Aft., Feb. 13, with a performance of "Lohengrin."

ON THE AIR

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Schelling conducting (Children's Concert): Sat. Morn., Feb. 9, at 11 A.M., over WOR. . . . Gabrilowitsch conducting: Sun., Feb. 10, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

ALEXANDER MOISSI—The prominent German actor will present short scenes from "Hamlet," "Ghosts," and "Redemption:" Sun., Feb. 10, at 8:15 P.M., over WOR.

MISCHA ELMAN—Violinist, in the Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun., Feb. 10, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—Mendelssohn's "The Son and Stranger," and Mozart's "The Impresario," Sun., Feb. 10, at 10:15 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanne," Mon., Feb. 11, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

LUCREZIA BORI—Soprano, with Eugene Goosens conducting the orchestra: Mon., Feb. 11, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Feb. 12, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Buddy Taylor vs. Al Singer, Fri., Feb. 8; preliminaries begin at 8:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun. Eve., Feb. 10. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 14.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: 101st Cavalry vs. Squadron A, and The Riding Club vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Feb. 9. . . . Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A, and Allenhurst vs. Squadron A, Sat Eve., Feb. 16.

The finals of the mid-winter tournament of the New York Athletic Club will be played at the 105th F. A. Armory, Franklin Ave. at 166, Bronx, on Sat., Feb. 9, at 8:30 P.M.

INDOOR TRACK—Millrose A.A. Meet, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Feb. 9, at 8:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

AVIATION SHOW—At Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Wed., Feb. 13.

DOG SHOW—Annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Wed., Feb. 11-13.

MUSICALES—Nina Morgana, soprano; Moriz Rosenthal, pianist; and Everett Marshall, baritone, will appear at the Biltmore Musicale, Ballroom, Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Feb. 8, at 11. . . . Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, will sing at the Roosevelt Recital, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Feb. 15, at 11:30.

DANCE RECITAL—Maria Theresa, assisted by a symphony orchestra, in a dance program, including Beethoven's Eroica Symphony which she will dance in tribute to the memory of Isadora Duncan: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 14, at 8:15.

PUBLIC BALL—Veterans' Ball, Waldorf, Mon. Eve., Feb. 11.

FOR CHILDREN—"The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Early American furniture and glass, from the collection of Mrs. Charles Soden, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 8 and 9, at 2:15. . . . First editions, etc., from the library of Mrs. A. E. Solomon, Mon. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 11, at 2:15 and 8:15. . . . Large collection of paintings, tapestries, rugs, furniture, and objects of art, Wed. through Sat., Feb. 13-16. . . . At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—Antique and modern furniture, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 8 and 9, at 2.

NOTES—Lincoln's Birthday (Feb. 12) falls on Tuesday. . . . Valentine Day is Thurs., Feb. 14.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16]

Page the coast-guard—

"THE PIRATES ARE COMING!"

AMERICA's "Gold Coast" is threatened with an invasion of desperados—for the smartest young people are choosing these piratical beach costumes for southern wear. And (according to Mr. Heywood Broun*) their war-cry is "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of *'Qui m'aime'* sun-burn oil"—that French perfumed oil, exclusive with Best's, that enables one to acquire a perfect and painless coat of sunburn.

Miss Virginia Maurice is wearing "gob" trousers of jersey 12.50—*over her one-piece jersey swimming suit with the evening back* 8.50—*and a little jersey beret with a pompom* — 2.95. *The bottle of "Qui m'aime" sunburn oil*—3.50 *is not in the picture, having been used to great advantage.*

*We hope that Mr. Broun has by this time overcome his inhibition towards this useful preparation and is enjoying a painless and perfect Palm Beach season with the rest of "our BEST people."

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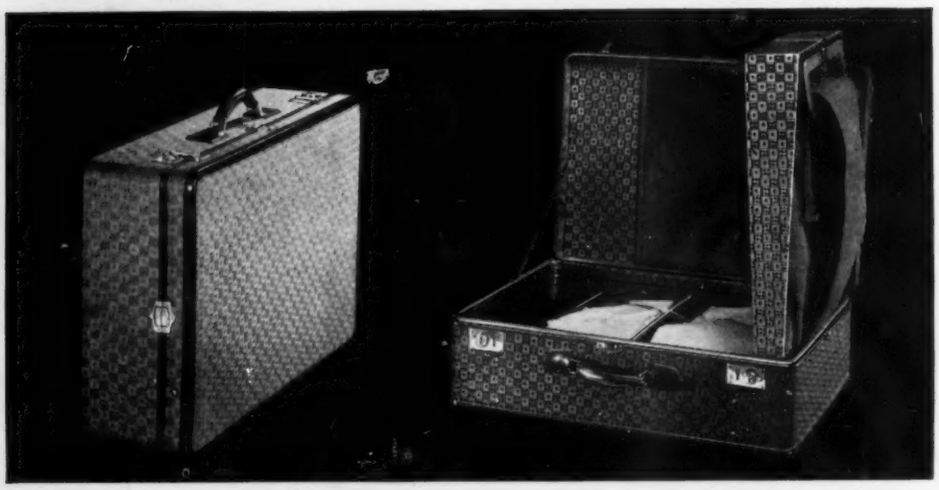

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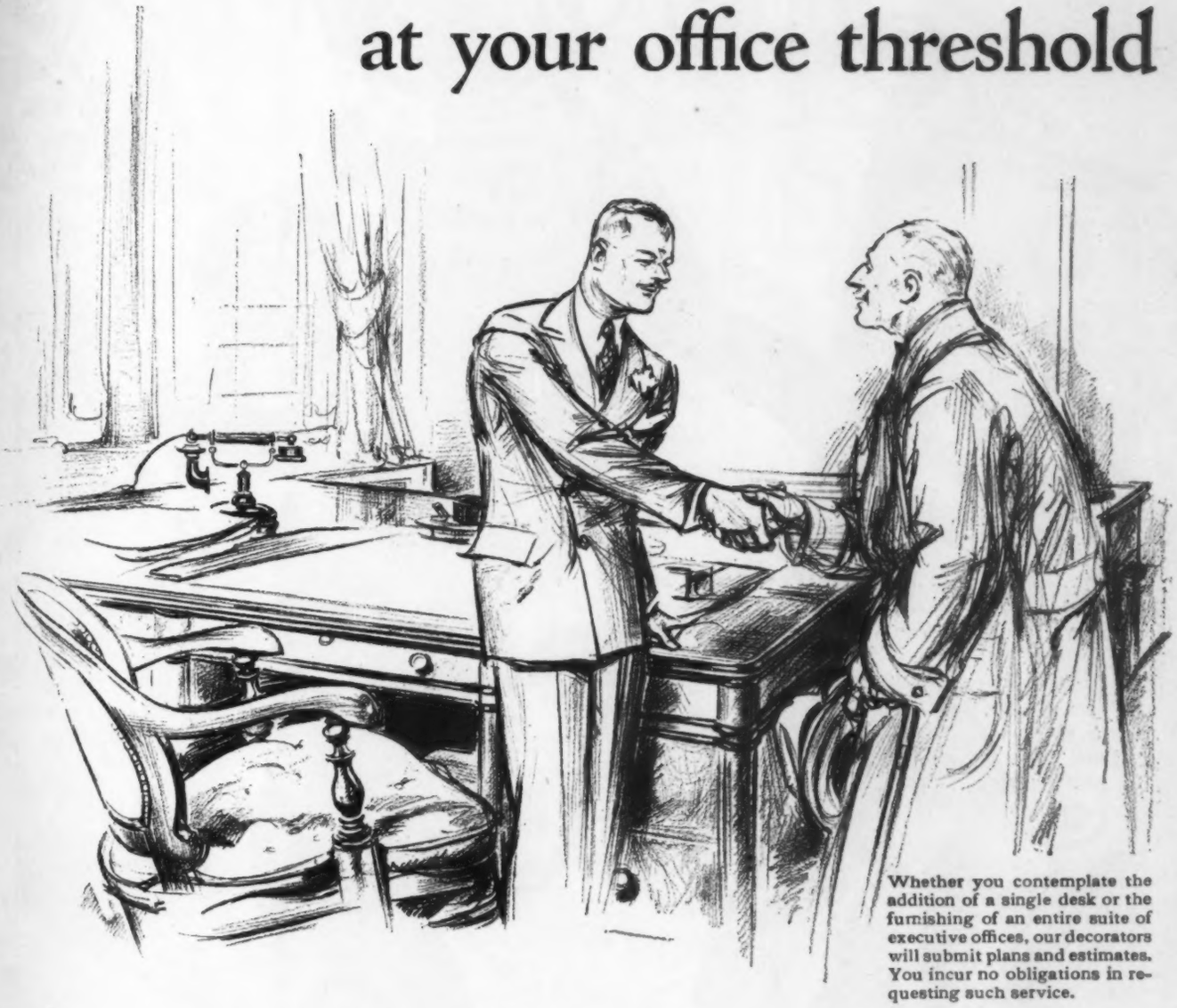

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day some medals for bravery and intelligence were awarded to the men who designed and built the Bronx River Parkway. We would like to add our congratulations. There is nothing in Long Island or Jersey comparable to Westchester's ingenious highway, which skirts the banks of a wandering and rejected stream that people once thought was a goner among rivers. The Bronx River always tickled our fancy because it rose in Valhalla and flowed south to Hell Gate; its renascence stands as a miracle of city planning. To the loyal commuters on the Central and the New Haven lines who used to gaze dreamily out the car window in the springtime when the willows were putting on new green and the tributary culverts were trying their best to look like freshets, the Bronx River Parkway is a kind of automotive Elysium which they never tire of traversing—from its unexpected beginning

in the Park to its magnificent climax in the Kensico dam.

THERE is something ineffably melancholy about the senescence of the Hippodrome—that once gorgeous place. Lately it has catered to the Sixth Avenue trade with such gray trifles as movies, sword swallowers, and pieces of Wright Whirlwind motors on display in the lobby. Although we know by reading the papers that Sarah Bernhardt, Billy Sunday, and Captain George Fried have trod the Hippodrome's boards, we happen to belong to the generation to whom the Hippodrome means only one thing—the place where, in the long ago, marvellously beautiful maidens used to walk down a flight of stairs into the water, remain for several minutes, and later appear dripping and nymphlike from the unthinkable depths. Incidentally, it is the mansion where we lost, forever, our childlike faith in our father's all-embracing knowledge; for when we asked him point-blank what happened to the ladies while they were under the water, his answer was so vague, so evasive, so palpably out of accord with even the simplest laws of physics, that even our child mind sensed its imbecility, and we went our way there-

after alone in the world, seeking for truth.

WE have frequently frowned our poutish little frown on the people who endorse cigarettes and cold cream and books, a practice which from the beginning seemed to us vulgar, tainted, and ridiculous. However, we were all prepared to let the matter drop when in from sea came the good ship America and off jumped Chief Officer Harry Manning into the arms of the American Tobacco Company. " 'By George,' it tasted wonderful!" were almost his first published words. "A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work . . . We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' . . . There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency." Well, we are full of praise for Chief Officer Manning, for we once witnessed a whole gale ourself; but as we sit here at our landlocked typewriter, quietly munching a

chocolate bar, dat ole davil sea has somehow lost a little of its early salt, a little of its davilishness.

MAYBE the time has come when speakeasy men should organize, the same as musicians and bricklayers. A group of twenty thousand persons, even though they are criminals, is not to be ignored; and it seems to us that at the present time the liquor-law violators have a just grievance against the government for the way they're being treated. Some of the Willebrandt pre-election captives are now in the toils of the federal courts, and thus we find a few men being sent to jail to satisfy justice while countless others remain whole and safe and free, enjoying at least a sort of partial political immunity (call it what you like). In a city of six million people, certain persons have to do the necessary work of supplying the beverages which at least a portion of the population demands; and if these persons must pay the penalty for their illegal but inevitable occupation, certainly some effort should be made to make the penalty equitable. Probably an even better way out of the difficulty would be to have all speakeasies government-owned and operated, like the American merchant marine.

Exhibition

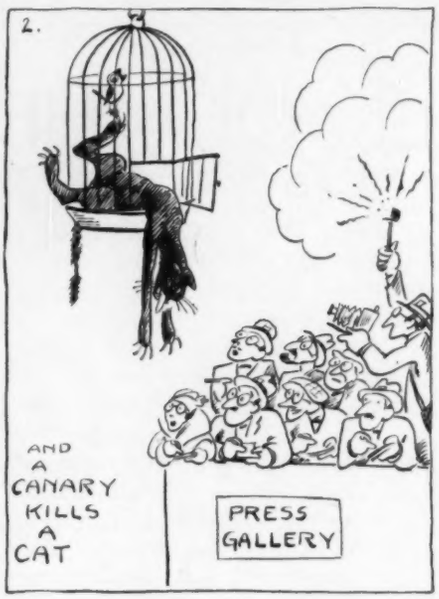
WE received formal notice that on Friday the twenty-fifth of January, at 3 P.M., a pair of old shoes

THE FRONT PAGE

worn by Charlie Chaplin in his movies would be placed on exhibition in the Film Guild Cinema building at 52 West Eighth Street. It sounded important and at three o'clock sharp we rolled up before the cinema, expecting to see Mayor Walker and perhaps Cecil B. De Mille. We were surprised to see the building still incomplete. The shoes were resting on a little dais, however, in an unfinished storeroom, a spotlight playing a soft color upon them. They were pretty hard to come upon, though, because of the scaffolding and rubbish in front of the building. Only one person was inside, a man in overalls who sat on a box studying a nail on the floor. He was the guardian of the shoes, which have been insured. We learned this from a leaflet he passed to us. The policy is for ten thousand dollars and insures against theft and lightning but "in no case is to include loss by damage by cyclone, tornado or windstorm." The shoes look just as Chaplin's do in the movies. We are certain they are genuine. After reaching this conclusion we dismissed our car and walked down to Battery Place.

All Lighted Up

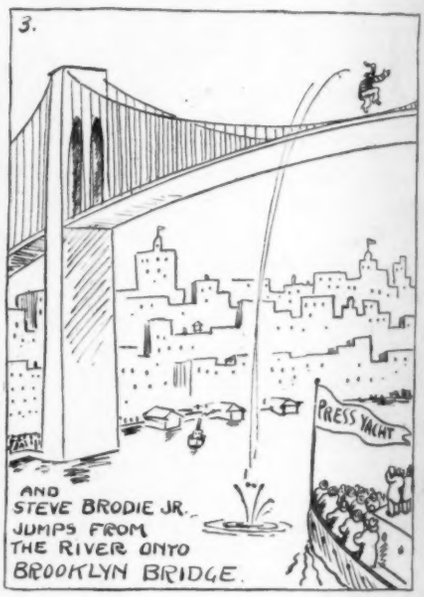
THE New York Central Building flung its radiance against the sky the other evening (in collaboration with the Chanin Building), denoting that it is almost ready for occupancy. Inspection shows that the workmen are still hammering around on the lower floors, but one occupant had moved in last week, a cutlery merchant on the ground floor. His glittering wares shone in the only inhabited spot in the mammoth structure. Other occupants will be rushing in from now on, however, a whole city of them. Three quarters of the space has already been leased. The railroad company is retaining only the top four floors for its own use, from the thirty-second (where President Crowley's



fine offices will be) to the thirty-fifth, which subjoins the jewelled crown—which, we learned, gets its yellow glitter from gold leaf.

Gold is a conspicuous note in the decoration inside—gold and other colors. Mr. Whitney Warren, the architect, believed a great railway building should have warmth and richness. The lobby gleams with cornices and friezes of gold, and several varieties of colored marble have been used—Jaspe Oriental, Istrian, and Botticino. Mr. Warren is particularly proud of the elevators. Elevators have gone far in recent years in this city but none farther than these. There are forty of them—with red walls and a blue cloudy ceiling and a great deal of bright gold trimming. For the final touch in safety, each one also has a telephone connecting with the operating room in the basement.

Many feats of engineering were accomplished, of course, in the erection of the building. Everybody knows about the difficulty of building buildings over the Central's tracks—how one apartment house vibrated distressingly for years until it was discovered that one little rivet in a pillar in the basement came in contact with metal connected with the tracks; and everybody knows how all the buildings in that region now are built with a two-inch space between the base of their walls and the sidewalks, because the sidewalks are supported by steel pillars springing from the track area and might transmit shivers all through the structures. An engineer who grew a little thin working on the special problems of the new office building, told us how some of them were solved. They were afraid this time of vibration not only from the trains but from the automobiles surging over the ramps. To get around this the building was really placed on stilts, gigantic columns which rest on mats made of alternate layers of lead and asbestos,



which absorb shocks. The substructure of the building was kept carefully separate from the foundation of the tracks. When the two came close together layers of pressed cork were placed between. The same with the automobile ramp. It is an independent structure which at no point touches the building itself; always there are a few inches of space.

One hundred thousand candle-power is used to produce the glow around the tower, or the equivalent of two thousand of the larger sized globes used by householders. The peak of the new Chanin Building, on the other hand, uses around twenty-five million candle-power. Here about two hundred large lights play from concealed terra-cotta ornaments and other places. Much experimenting was done to produce a decorative effect of light and shadow, or what Mr. Irwin Chanin calls "drama." Both the Chanins and the New York Central people are

mildly distressed, for they have found that, with all their power, the glowing towers are usually visible for only twenty blocks, such is the great general diffusion of light in mid-Manhattan. Both displays can be seen to good advantage from the Fifty-ninth Street bridge.

Reception

WHEN Captain Fried and his party arrived at one of the musical shows one night last week they were spotted by the manager of the production, who rushed excitedly through the auditorium and requested the orchestra leader to play something appropriate. The conductor suggested the "Star Spangled Banner," at which the producer exclaimed, "No, no! Everybody knows that. Play something lively, like 'Valencia'." The leader insisted that the only thing appropriate would be the national anthem. "All right, then," said the manager, "but cut it." "I'm sorry,"

said the musician, "but that is one number that even you can't cut."

Truth About Labels

A FORMER officer of the British Army in India, Captain A. F. G. Raikes, writes us a note saying that while the silver labels which once hung about the necks of wine bottles, which we wrote about in these columns a few weeks back, have not been in general use for many decades, they are still treasured as a part of the British military mess service, and that to this day three bottles of wine, each with a label indicating that it contains port, Marsala, or sherry, are passed around the officers' mess every night at the conclusion of dinner, when the King's health is drunk. He says also that many of these labels are mounted with trophies of the hunt—boars' tusks, tigers' claws, and the like.

Incidentally, our informant tells us, the general belief that the King's health is always drunk "all standing" is an error. Naval officers drink it seated, and so do the officers of some regiments. With the latter it is a mark of distinguished service, as, in medieval days, great captains were permitted to remain covered in the royal presence. The charge for the wine consumed in drinking to the King is met by the Crown, a custom of great antiquity. The present King George once essayed to abolish the practice—not because of the expense but because he believes in temperance. He intimated it would be quite all right if his health were drunk in water. This caused near-apoplexy among certain of the military, but had no other result. Water, however, once played a part in the ceremony. In the days of Cromwell, followers of the House of Stuart used to pass their wine glasses over a bowl of water before drinking, in honor of Charles, the Pretender, then "across the water." Even today fiery old fellows are sometimes seen to pass their wine over a finger

bowl as a gesture for the memory of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

To Fall Back On

ONE of the most modernly furnished apartments in Park Avenue—with zigzag chairs and pointed clocks—numbers among its occupants an elderly lady who but recently went, or was swooped, Twentieth Century in this way. Her son, with whom she stays, made some excellent purchases in stocks, and from the old fireside spirit to the *esprit décoratif* was an easy step for him. The mother likes to show visitors about the place, pointing out this and that modern wonder, and the other day was conducting a group, one of whom was a bright-eyed young lady. The latter noticed a large screen rather oddly placed in one corner of the room, and asked about that piece. The old lady paid no attention, but went on explaining the wonders of a chair whose back represented a skyscraper struck by lightning. While she was doing this, the prying young woman slipped over and peeked behind the screen. There sat a well-used, old-time rocking chair.

Meighan

THE Warner Brothers proudly took Thomas Meighan off to Hollywood this week to make his first talking picture, and that makes him a topical subject. Meighan is taller than he looks on the screen (he is six feet one), has a faint trace of gray in his hair, and appears to be the most popular of the screen actors on the East Coast. He has many friends outside his profession—Warden Lawes, John McCormack, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and Gene Sarazen, for instance. He lives rather unostentatiously at Great Neck. He was once a coal-breaker in his father's coal business in Pittsburgh, and afterward studied to become a surgeon. He gave up that idea

promptly upon attending his first clinic. He is the only movie actor ever to be Shepherd of the Lambs.

The way Meighan happened to play in "The Miracle Man," which brought him fame, is interesting. The picture, one of the biggest money-makers in cinema history, was rejected by a number of producers. Meighan first heard of the story in 1913 when he met Robert Davis of *Munsey's* on a ship Europe bound. When he got back to New York it had been done as a stage play, but the movie rights remained unsold—the producers being wary of the theme. Meighan got an option on the screen rights from George M. Cohan, who had done the play for the stage, the bargain being sealed only by a handshake. It was not simple, however, to find a producer. Finally the late George Loane Tucker agreed to do it, but balked when Meighan insisted on playing the part of the sinister confidence man, claiming that the actor wasn't a sinister type. Meighan held the upper hand with his option and won his point. Tucker bought the rights for twenty thousand dollars and spent a hundred thousand dollars to make the picture. It earned more than a million, and made a star of Meighan, as well as Lon Chaney and Betty Compson.

After that Meighan had a hard time getting rôles anywhere near as good—"Rollo" stories his critics called most of the films he did—until his recent part in "The Racket," which considerably boosted his prestige.

Relics

MR. JOHN RINGLING purchased rather quietly at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms a week or so ago the bathtub in which Marat was stabbed by Charlotte Corday and, we learn, plans to add it to his private collection, along with other things he bought at the same sale—the key to the Marat bathroom, several battle flags, and the table upon which the terms of surrender at Waterloo were signed. The tub is an interesting contrivance. It is of copper and shaped like a boot. Marat climbed in from the top and extended his body down toward the toe of the thing, his head protruding above. Upon the occasion of the attack, he was unquestionably in as helpless a situation as is conceivable. Mr. Ringling paid four hundred dollars for the tub, which, together with the other relics, was from the late Rodman Wanamaker's collection of Revolutionary and Napoleonic relics.

Industry

FULL-PAGE advertisements of dance studios, promising to make people popular on the floor, have had their effect. We are told that there are many academies around town and that the thing has become an industry. One place—Arthur Murray's—gives a thousand lessons a day, sixty per cent of them, they say, to businessmen. Executives are ordinarily hard to get onto a dance floor, and the approach has to be subtle and clever. "The conservative banker type of dancing" is advertised. Thus bankers and others are convinced that it is all right to dance if they do it with restraint and dignity, and thus they are got into an academy. That is, some of them are. Many more learn to dance by mail, about ten times as many as by personal instruction. For the American steps the preferred instructor is a college graduate—man or woman—and for the tango, a señor from South America. One or two studios make a point of having on their staff ladies who have high social standing, and in addition reassure beginners by quoting the names of prominent persons whom they have taught. Choate, Gould, Whitney, Tiffany, Vanderbilt, and Van Rensselaer are all swell names.

The studios go in for psychology and even, lightly, for psychoanalysis, for there is more to being a dancer than meets the eye, it seems, or to being a popular dancer. At one place, the applicant is shown into a room and handed a folder titled "The Secret of Popularity." He is left alone to master this. After he has done so he is taken out and given his first lesson by one of twenty-seven instructors. Before he is through with it he dances with all twenty-seven. Each teaches him something special, and he also gets accustomed to dancing with different ladies. Eventually he learns the tango and can take his place in the world of society. One brusque businessman got around the gamut of the twenty-seven instructors though. Coming in on a Monday, he paid his fee and announced that he had to know how to dance by Wednesday and that, furthermore, he wasn't going to prance about the floor to do it either. His idea was to sit down and watch things and he was allowed to do this. He brought his secretary and while she took notes he drew sketches, and he learned the thing that way.

While on the subject of dancing, it seems that it was not Mr. Billy Pierce,

as we recently said, but Mr. Bobby Connolly, who created the Varsity Drag. Our attention has been called to this, and we have no wish to distort the history of American folk dancing.

Pastime

UNTIRINGLY we have spent hours watching the Whalen wizardry in the theatrical district. At times it seems awfully lonely in those streets and a great White Way nostalgia comes over us. This depression, however, is always relieved by some piquant incident. The other evening we stood lawfully by while a young fellow, in the spirit of youth, broke through the cop's vigilance at Forty-sixth Street and dashed across against the lights. Gaining the other shore, he turned briskly, cupped his hands to his lips, and called back to the girl he had left behind: "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Ella come over!"

Mr. Bacardi

ONE of the principal bits of color in Cuba is Señor Facundo Bacardi, present head of the family that makes the rum. Almost everyone who goes down to Santiago meets him. This is easy, for whenever he hears of a ship approaching that harbor he sends out a wireless inviting all passengers aboard to visit his distillery. He personally greets all, shows them about, pointing out gleefully the casks of aging rum. Everybody is invited to partake of drinks which his servants mix, and to make as much whoopee as they want. Only one woman ever refused to sample his distillation, he says. He persuaded her to accept a "lemonade," however, and really gave her a "daiquiri"—

equal parts rum and lime juice, with sugar—and the lady accepted several others after the first one and had quite a good time.

The Señor is a gay and amiable fellow, middle-sized and chunky, and is usually seen about in a Palm Beach suit, Panama hat, and American horn-rimmed spectacles, with an

amber-headed stick. He and his family are known to make millions out of their business, and they are also known to spend liberally. The family is now, they say, the only one in all Cuba whose income is comparable to that of the wealthy Americans who visit the island during the season, this because the condition of the sugar market has embarrassed many Cubans who were millionaires a few years back.

The complete process by which Bacardi is made is a family secret. None of the eight hundred workmen, not even the superintendent of the distillery, knows it. It comes down from the first Facundo Bacardi, who migrated to Santiago from Spain more than a century ago and improved on the rum-making of the Indians. After various distillations are made from molasses, they are blended. If one asks Señor Bacardi who decides when the blend is perfect, he replies with pride, "I do." He grows excited and emphatic when explaining how his product should be used in mixing drinks. A teaspoonful of sugar should be included for each pony of "daiquiri," he insists, and the drink *must* be shaken until the shaker frosts. A "presidente" is equal parts rum and Italian vermouth with a dash of curaçao, stirred gently with ice.

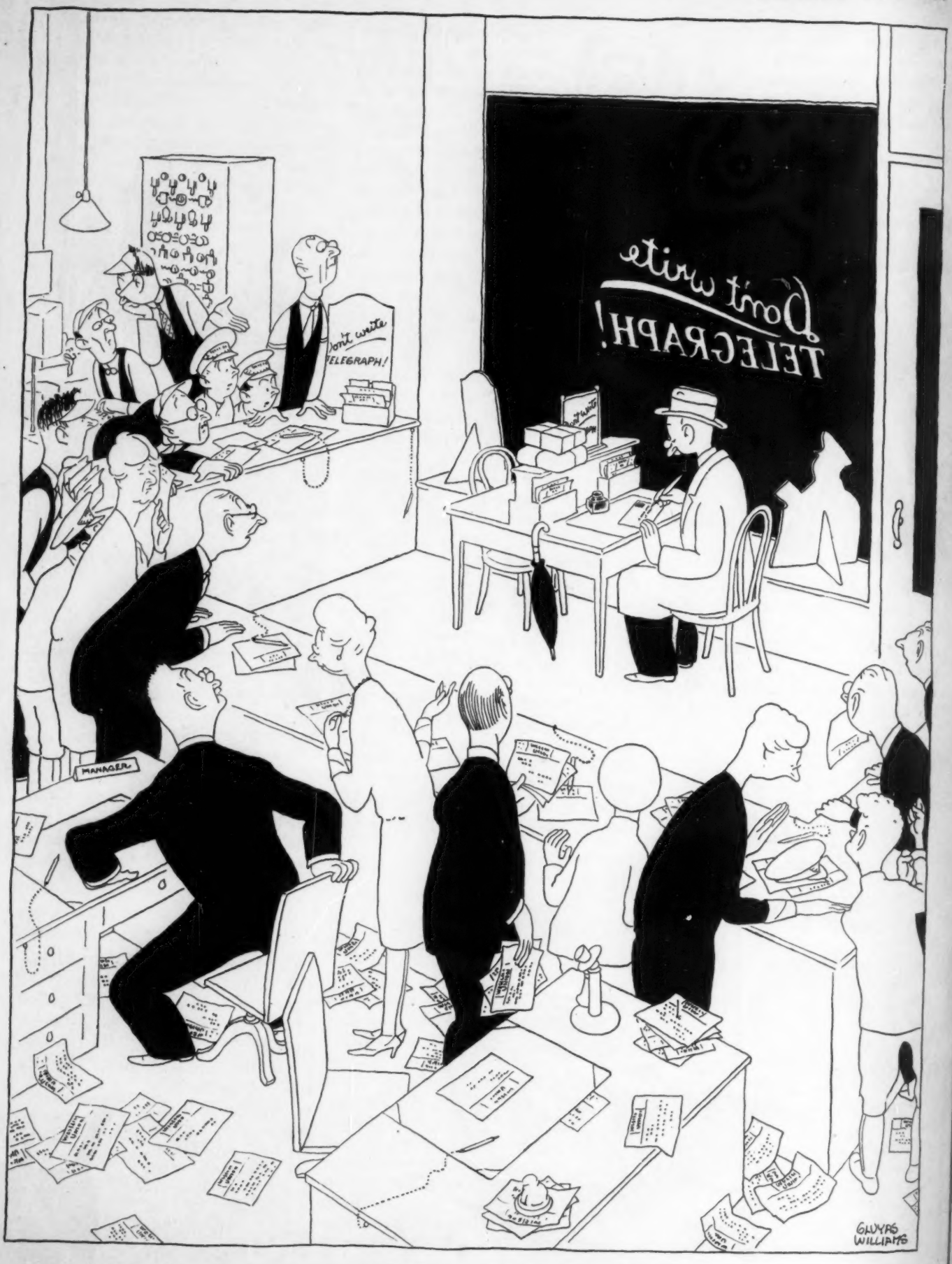
The Señor's name should be pronounced with equal accent upon all syllables, but nearly all Americans put the accent on the "car" and it is his custom, when talking to them, to accept this and elaborately mispronounce his own name. He says he doubts if he will ever visit the United States again. He was educated here, at the New Jersey Military Academy and Phillips Exeter, and has visited New York many times since. But such things as the traffic, theatre-ticket speculators, and so on are too much of a nuisance, he thinks. Some of the Bacardi sold in New York is real and some isn't, he says. He may derive some satisfaction from the fact that he sells more rum now than he did before prohibition in the United States, and that the bulk of the output goes to Nassau and Canada, close neighbors of this country.

THE OLD (WITH ONE OR TWO EXCEPTIONS) FAMILIAR FACES

Emphasis

AT 1560 Broadway is the Motion Picture Club, frequented by Titans of the industry. The maître d'hôtel there was faced by a difficult problem the other day. He was preparing the luncheon menu and was troubled as to how to impress upon his patrons, dulled as they are to superlatives, the importance of an item he was offering them, giant asparagus. He thought and thought, and when the menu was printed it featured "colossal asparagus."

—THE NEW YORKERS



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

The Man Who Stepped into a Western Union Office to Address a Letter

GLORIOUS CALVIN

[A Critical Appreciation]

THE comic art of Calvin Coolidge is a thing so subtle that it almost defies analysis, for, like all great actors, his is the technique of implication. In fact, in his ability to suggest frustration—the bitter futility of all living—by such small things as an eyebrow infinitesimally raised, an incomplete, embarrassed gesture, he is equalled only by the immortal Chaplin, only occasionally approached by Harry Langdon. As I write this it occurs to me to doubt whether this man, who is known and loved by millions of moviegoers, is essentially a comedian. There is more than a hint of tragedy in the shy little figure staring with solemn bafflement on an inexplicable world. There is a great pathos about him as he goes awkwardly and unhappily through the gaudy antics which are so hilariously at variance with his appearance. This great sense of the comic value of paradox was never better illustrated than in the magnificent film in which, resplendent in buckskin and feathers, he was created a chieftain of the Blackfeet Indians. While tom-toms beat under a copper sky, naked red bodies circled in a furious dance about a tight-mouthed little man with the edge of a stiff white collar showing at the neck of his costume and the toes of sturdy black boots peeping out under the gay fringe at the bottom of his trousers. His expression, which never varied throughout the ceremony, suggested the faintly apprehensive geniality of an elderly gentleman who has been dragooned into a game of Post Office. The effect was irresistible.

This intelligent emphasis on contrast is present in all Coolidge's camera work. I recall happily the film in which, attired in a cowboy suit with "Cal" stencilled across the seat of the trousers (a touch of genius, by the way), he made timid overtures to a faintly derisive steer. Incidentally, an adroit and characteristic touch was added to this picture by a subtitle, reading "COOLIDGE IS AMUSED BY RODEO," which was immediately followed by a glimpse of the comedian, his back turned morosely on the rodeo, staring with horrid dejection at nothing whatever.

Coolidge, ascetic in cap and gown, receiving a degree from the president of a university; Coolidge, in yachting costume, with a vague hint of nausea in his expression, standing at the rail of the Mayflower; Coolidge, in overalls, thriftily chopping kindling against the bitter Massachusetts winter (the glittering nose of an enormous Packard appearing in a corner of this scene was a note of sheer and beautiful idiocy); Coolidge, the fisherman; Coolidge, the President of the United States—the man's comic sense is unerring and his range apparently infinite.

In passing it is perhaps worth noting that while, unlike Chaplin, Coolidge varies the major details of his costume with each part, the stiff collar is a constant item. With an unfailing instinct for the incongruous, he has chosen it as the inevitable label of the urban, the clerkly, the humdrum. Infinitely more subtle than Chaplin's cane, derby, and baggy trousers, it is at the same time far more effective. To take a setting as strange and beautiful as the one used in his recent Georgia picture—bearded Spanish oaks, oxcarts, the lovely keening of spirituals—and in an instant reduce it to absurdity by the introduction of a stiff collar, that is something very like genius.

WHILE Coolidge depends upon simple incongruity for most of his effects, when he does introduce gags they are incomparable. I have in mind a bit, again in the Georgia picture, in which the comedian enters surrounded by secret-service men in business suits, uneasily raises a gun to his shoulder and fires once into the air. A subtitle is then flashed on the screen—"TRIBUTE TO A STEADY HAND AND A CLEAR EYE"—and the next picture shows us two guides shouldering a long pole, bowed under the weight of a deer, two or three smaller animals which appear to be raccoons, and several wild ducks. The expression of the comedian's face as he studies this exhibit—wild surmise succeeded by a nervous and deprecating smile—I regard as one of the screen's great comic achievements.

Unlike many cinema favorites, the introduction of the talking picture holds no terrors for Coolidge. His voice, happily, is perfectly in keeping with the part he has chosen to portray—dry, nasal, utterly without inflection. The lines, which I am told he makes up himself, are miracles of brevity and do much to further the effect of anti-climax upon which his art depends. Again in the Georgia picture there is the moment when the comedian rides onto the scene, seated upon an ancient wooden cart drawn by oxen. His progress through the green tunnel made by the overhanging trees is attended by the wailing of spirituals, the cracking of whips, and the muffled clump of the oxen's hooves. It is a moment of rare, almost intolerable beauty. The cart stops as it reaches the forefront of the picture and the spirituals die away. There is a sudden silence, which is broken by Coolidge's companion, who addresses him in a tone of great deference upon a problem apparently of national importance. . . . "What is your solution of that, Mr. President?"

The comedian smiles nervously, stares at the oxen, but does not reply. His companion tries again.

"What would you think of putting a tax on gasoline?"

This is obviously intended to be facetious, but the comedian considers it with perfect solemnity. At last his face brightens.

"Wal," he says, "I don't think I'd be in favor of that."

The spirituals rise again, and the cart drives on.

AS this is written I have before me an announcement that Coolidge will leave the pictures in March. His successor, I learn, is to be Herbert Hoover, a comedian whose work in supporting rôles has displayed a certain similarity.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

VALENTINE

No matter what you do or say
Or do not say or do not do,
You have a most alarming way
Of keeping me attached to you.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

O. K. TO GO AHEAD

Or, How Police Horses Are Trained

HORSES waiting to join the New York police force are stabled in a barn in Brooklyn—an old place that was once the winter quarters for a circus. It is at the corner of Ocean Parkway and Avenue W, an address which meant very little to me when I first heard it—so little, in fact, that in order to learn how to reach it I made the mistake of telephoning police headquarters, Canal 2000.

"What's it in regard to?" someone said.

"Police horses," I said. That was on a Friday. My call was immediately switched to another department, to a Captain Meehan.

"How do I get to the police stables?" I asked.

"What's it in regard to?" asked Captain Meehan.

"I want to go down and see the police horses."

"What for?"

"I want to see them."

"Who are you?" asked Captain Meehan. Then followed a long explanation about who I was—a point I've never been very clear about in my own mind.

"Well," said the Captain, tolerantly, "I'll tell you—you take the Brighton train on the B.M.T. and get off at Neck Road. But you can't go down there until you get permission, because that's a rule of the Department, otherwise it would look like we was trying to get publicity for the Mounted."

"Who do I get permission from?"

"From the Commissioner."

"From Mr. Whalen?" I said, to show off my knowledge.

"Yes," said Captain Meehan. "Then if we get some kind of authorization in this office, we can go ahead and let the sergeant know down at the stable, and he can take care of you."

"How do I get permission from the Commissioner?" I asked. "What do I do to get that?"

"Well, either a letter or you could call up." So I thanked Captain Meehan, and that, as I say, was on a Friday, and I never write letters on Friday. I decided to phone the Commissioner and ask permission to go to Ocean Parkway and Avenue W to see a horse.

I called Canal 2000 and asked for the Commissioner's office. "I want to speak to Commissioner Whalen," I said.

"What's it in regard to?" asked a voice.

"In regard to getting authorization to go down to the police stables at Ocean Parkway and Avenue W to see the horses. I have just been talking

• •

"So you're a full-blooded Cherokee Indian? Tell me, what does it feel like?"

with Captain Meehan, and he says if I get permission from the Commissioner I can go."

"Wait a minute and I'll give you Mr. Flynn." I got Mr. Flynn and he asked me what it was in regard to and I told him, and explained how, if I could get Mr. Whalen to look favorably on my little venture, I was all ready to go—bags packed, passport visaed, and everything.

"Well," said Mr. Flynn thoughtfully, "it sounds like a good deal of red tape. Let's see, maybe there's an easy way out of it. Why don't you drop in here at this office on your way down, and we'll fix you up with the proper authorization, and then you can let Captain Meehan know. Don't you think that's the easiest way out?"

"Fine," I said, looking forward with pleasure to adding a trip to police headquarters to my itinerary. And I thanked Mr. Flynn and said goodbye.

The next day was Saturday, and I never go to police headquarters on Saturdays.

"It's too bad about Helen's divorce, but she never did *realize how necessary it is for a woman to make herself beautiful to her husband."*

• •

BRIGHT and early Monday morning, I was busy again with my plans, for the thought of seeing the police horses at home in their stable had never left my mind, and I was as eager to be off as a schoolgirl. At headquarters I went to Room 301 and asked for Captain Meehan, thinking that he might have forgotten about my promise to get permission from the Commissioner and would let me go to Brooklyn just on my good appearance. The Captain was not at his desk, but they said he would be back in about a minute. I waited half an hour, while a fat young man sharpened pencils and several trains left for Brooklyn.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Meehan, back at his desk, "I remember, you want to go to the stables. Did you get your authorization?"

"No," I said, weakly, and then added, "I thought you had to be with me in order for me to get it." This startled him, but he said he'd go. And off we went, I happy, he not so happy, to see the Commissioner, who lived downstairs.

At the foot of the stairs, whom should we meet but a man dressed in the uniform of a police officer. "Hello," said Meehan, "you're just the person I'm looking for." And he introduced me to somebody whose name and rank and general appearance I have forgotten. Together the three of us went into the Commissioner's outer office. I shall never know why this third party was brought into the affair, but I shall always suspect it was to add the strength of numbers.

When Mr. Flynn appeared, very genial, Captain Meehan introduced him first to the man in the police officer's uniform and then to me. Then he explained that I wanted the Commissioner's authorization to go to Brooklyn to see the horses.

"The Commissioner's uptown at a funeral," said Mr. Flynn. Then he looked at Captain Meehan, and Captain Meehan looked at the other fellow, and the other fellow looked at me, and there we all stood, looking at each other.

"LET'S see, now," said Captain Meehan, after a long pause, "if we could get the Chief to let us go ahead, maybe *he* could O.K. it."

"Chief's at the funeral, too," said Mr. Flynn, sadly; and there was another embarrassing pause. Mr. Flynn paced up and down, puffing a cigarette, and for a couple of minutes

Our Own Sob Ballads

NAUGHTY MENS COMED INTO MY PLAYROOM

I

A speakeasy, gay, had been raided.
Brave policemen had done the job well.
They had even smashed up the apartment
Where the owner and family did dwell.
The owner of course was arrested
And roughly was rushed off to jail.
His wife and his friends followed after
Intent upon getting his bail—
Forgetting the sweet little daughter
Who, frightened, had fled from the noise.
Upon their return they were frantic
Till they found her asleep 'mongst her toys.
She awakened in terror. Her mother
Soothed her gently and calmed all her fears.
And when coaxed to tell what had happened
This story she sobbed through her tears:

REFRAIN

"Naughty mens comed into my playroom
They breaked up my doll house and things.
My picture-books too are all teared up
And they stepped on my dolly that sings.
When I cried to them please not to do it,
They said, 'She's jus' tryin' to hide
Some booze.' An' *so* hard they pushed me
I falled down and hurted my side."

II

Before a wise Judge a week later
The case of the owner was tried.
A bright lawyer was there to defend it,
The wee daughter sat right by his side.
When the People's Attorney had finished
The child took the stand—unafraid.
Once again she told what she'd suffered
On the terrible night of the raid.
The Judge heard her through, then severely
Spoke up: "If enforcing *this* law
Means assault on children and smashing
Their playthings—well, that's the last straw.
The action's dismissed and I'll welcome
The wrath of the Drys on my head
For no Judge, if a *man*, could hold different
Upon hearing this babe when she said:

REFRAIN

"Naughty mens comed into my playroom
They breaked up my doll house and things.
My picture-books too are all teared up
And they stepped on my dolly that sings.
When I cried to them please not to do it,
They said, 'She's jus' tryin' to hide
Some booze.' An' *so* hard they pushed me
I falled down and hurted my side."

—C. KNAPP

• •

Brooklyn seemed hopelessly remote, and I wondered whether I would ever again look upon another horse. After a bit, it was decided to throw the whole matter of my going to Brooklyn before First Deputy Commissioner Hoyt, who is the head of the Traffic Department of New York City. We all thanked Mr. Flynn (who had been very courteous) and left, going to another room where, through a doorway, I could see a conference in session. Mr. Hoyt was in conference —but Captain Meehan obligingly called him out, explaining that the Commissioner was at a funeral and that here was a man who wanted to go to see the horses.

Mr. Hoyt scrutinized me. I had never before been so conscious of my appearance, which, although good, is unhorsemanlike. Nevertheless, I looked him square in the eye. At length he nodded at me, smiled at the Captain, and went back into conference.

"Now," said Captain Meehan, brightly, "it's O.K. to go ahead. Come on upstairs and I'll phone the stables!"

—BAEDEKER JONES

PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

The Memory Test

"I've thought of something clever for you to say at dinner tonight, Arbuckle."

• •

OF ALL THINGS

NO doubt the President-elect was unaffectedly glad to greet Al Smith. It must have been a relief to see one man who was not asking for anything.

•

Secretary Wilbur says the navy is unready for war. By an amusing coincidence, there is no war ready for the navy.

•

Sooner or later the cause of the Vestris disaster was bound to be revealed. The ocean was not properly equipped with Captain Fried.

•

A block in Thirty-sixth Street has been set aside for garment workers' rest and recreation. During the noon hour it is illegal to drive a car there or speak English.

•

Mussolini has forbidden bear trading in stocks. We were pretty sure he would repeal the law of gravitation when he got around to it.

•

Congressman Britten got himself into an embarrassing situation by misquoting Hoover on the cruiser bill. Our advice to him is, to be nonchalant, walk a mile, and reach for an Old Chesterfield.

•

The new Einstein theory is published in a six-page pamphlet selling for twenty-five cents. On the other hand, one can make heads or tails out of a quarter.

•

This department has started a priceless collection of rare objects. It now includes an unmerged bank, a non-Fox movie theatre, a person without a cold, and a Republican not mentioned for a cabinet portfolio.

•

It is again reported that the Hippodrome is to be torn down. This rumor we have with us always like the poor and the *Herald Tribune's* life of Woodrow Wilson.

•

The alleged birthday of the so-called Abraham Lincoln is said to be next Tuesday. One cannot be too careful after the recent unfortunate experience of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

CROAK

The birth-rate is falling,
the graveyard fills,
crawling,
covering the hills;
the town dwindles,
the graveyard bigger
grows and kindles
with stolen vigor;
in broad curves
it encroaches;
on Life's preserves
Death poaches.

In the offing,
agitators,
ranting, coughing
big-birth-raters,
childless children,
helpless gabies,
making bids
for better babies,
advocating
larger families,
all looney!

Hard by Hamley's,
near the graveyard
on the pike,
Mrs. Mooney
and her man Mike,
against the cemetery
pitted:
fifteen kids
and half half-witted!

—PEGGY BACON

• •

THE THEATRE

WHEN I CONSIDER LIFE AND ITS FEW YEARS

I'M no snob. I've seen worse shows than "Boom Boom," which is at the Casino, plenty of them indeed. "Boom Boom" is just the common denominator of all musical shows built for the tired business trade. If, however, the tired business trade can get much real pleasure from it, what a commentary on the effects of drudgery on the human brain!

The show is good-looking enough, with bright-colored costumes, and dancers who function with an air of enthusiasm. There is one song ("He's Just My Ideal") above average both in words and music; the chorus intertwines in ingenious ways, which is what's expected of choruses just now; and I like Frank McIntyre and Nell Kelly, who provide comedy.

To take up less pleasant aspects of the subject, the book was made by Fanny Todd Mitchell from "Mlle. Ma Mère," by Louis Verneuil. It was once played in New York by Alice Brady under the name "Oh, Mama!" Jeanette MacDonald has the Alice Brady rôle, but interprets it rather differently.

Here, if you're morbid, is the plot. A boy's sweetheart is forced by her father (a reformer who eventually appears drunk) to marry the boy's father. Driven to desperation by her stepson's scorn of her, she steps out with an actor, going with him to the Frolic Farms on the Post Road. They sit in one latticed gazebo while her jolly old husband sits in another with the actor's light-of-love, and a comedy waiter plies between. The place is raided. Write the last act yourself.

That seems reasonably innocuous, yet an evening like "Boom Boom" can teach one more about despair than the most expert philosopher. If one is to participate, ever so remotely, in the existence of such blah, one finds oneself thinking, wouldn't it be better that civilization should end? Couldn't we all form a pact to go separately into the deep woods and meditate on Eternity and Space until death claims us. It becomes a terrifying experience. Before such an evening is over I want to fling myself flat on my face and propitiate my gods. Not only have mortal creatures spent their energies compiling this, and painting scenery for it, and making costumes for it, but here am I watching it, and after watching it I will have to write about it. What's the use? What's the use?

ONE-WOMAN SHOW

Here are four Ruth Drapers, selected from the dozens of her who appear on the stage of the Comedy Theatre, where she is supported by a cast of several hundred other characters—created by the glance of her eye and the wave of her hand.

"THE SUBWAY," by Elmer Rice, put on by the Lenox Hill Players at the Cherry Lane Theatre and now at the Masque, is a tragedy Mr. Rice wrote directly after "The Adding Machine." It dates itself by one scene in the living-room of the heroine's parents, in which each person repeats an action with metronomic regularity; her father reading from the newspaper items which involve gigantic sums of money, her brother reading sporting news, her mother

complaining about the ingratitude of children, and her sister about the worthlessness of men.

Sophie, like all heroines of the expressionistic school, is a mote caught in the machine age. Her boy friend goes to Detroit to make good. An artist, who has drawn her for an advertisement of the subway company for which she works, meets her again in the subway, takes her to a movie, and there seduces her into going to his rooms.

Three scenes bring "The Subway" above the average of expressionistic plays—a scene without expressionism, in which Sophie reveals herself entirely in a long confidential prayer; the scene at the cinema; and another in Sophie's bedroom, which shows her pregnant and wracked with the terrors and imaginations that torture insomnia. This one seems to me expressionism at its most legitimate, and explains Sophie's suicide more explicitly than suicides on the stage are usually explained. Sophie is played very creditably by Jane Hamilton.

The rest of the play is rather murky.

After weighing the production's merits against its defects, I'm afraid I can't honestly recommend a visit.

AT the President Theatre, "The Guinea Pig," by Preston Sturges, is a very young and frequently amusing play. Like so many first dramatic efforts, it's about a playwright who lacks experience and so turns to life to get it. In this instance the playwright is a lady and the scene with which she is having difficulty is one of seduction. The second-act curtain-rise finds her in a negligée finishing her script, while the subject of her experiment lies still asleep on a couch. Later he resents having been used as a guinea pig for her research, and that provides the misunderstanding for the last act to settle.

I find that writer-in-search-of-material theme hard to stomach, but the play provides some brisk comedy and evinces a lot of talent. I must warn you, however, that there is about the production a constant air of amateur theatricals. This is not concealed by the rather overprofessional performance of Alexander Carr as a hard Jewish producer with a heart of gold.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

WHAT THEY WANT

MR. MALCOM has conducted his drugstore near Madison Avenue in the upper Fifties for a long time. I have always suspected that Mr. Malcom would not accept a new customer who could not produce

"It comes down to this, Bill—women are less sheltered than they used to be."

• •

references. Once accepted, however, a customer of Mr. Malcom's is a personage in the estimation of the druggist. Instead of taking pride in himself, or in his store, Mr. Malcom takes pride in his customers. He can't do enough for them.

IT was not surprising, then, what happened the other evening in Mr. Malcom's drugstore. He was filling a prescription, for one of his customers of more recent years, when the telephone rang.

"Yes, this is Mr. Malcom," said the druggist. "Yes, I recognize your voice, Mrs. van Zant. Yes, we have a few left, but they've been pretty well picked over. Why certainly, Mrs. van Zant. Just a minute."

Mr. Malcom turned to the customer for whom he was filling a prescription.

"You wouldn't mind, would you, if I attended to something over the telephone for a few minutes? It's for one of my very oldest customers."

Mr. Malcom then took a sheaf of cards from the counter of the closed soda-fountain.

" 'You're my big heavy sugar papa and I love to spoon you,' " said Mr. Malcom into the telephone mouthpiece. "No? Well, here's another: 'On Valentine's Day I've got to say I love you dear throughout the year.' No? Well, here's another, that may be more suitable: 'Listen, Big Boy, you've been buzzing around me long enough, unless you mean business.' No? I don't like that one very well, either, Mrs. van Zant. But there are some others. Here's one: 'On this the day of good St. Valentine, My heart tells me that I am thine.' "

There was an interruption. Mrs. van Zant was saying something.

"Perhaps, if you could tell me who it's intended for, Mrs. van Zant," said Mr. Malcom, "I could get a better idea what would be suitable. Yes, I'll address it for you, and mail it. Oh, for your granddaughter. I see. Something cute and juvenile, yet dignified. I'll find one for you, Mrs. van Zant. There's a stationery store two blocks over that I feel certain will have something. Yes, I understand, Mrs. van Zant. Yes, dignified but lots of color. Just a minute, till I get a pencil. Now —yes, yes . . . now see if I got it straight—Miss Helen van Zant, five hundred and thirty-six Sound Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. All right, Mrs. van Zant. And thank you! You may be sure I'll attend to it. Good night, Mrs. van Zant."

MR. MALCOM hung up the receiver, folded the address slip carefully, and then resumed the filling of his customer's prescription.

"That's a wonderful customer," Mr. Malcom said, presently. "A wonderful customer. She gets everything here, no matter how small. She can never get what she wants from the big stores, she always says."

—JOHN FORBES

•

APT. 1018

This that once was meadow grass
Now's a place where hammers beat.
We can press no daisies down,
Ten steel floors above the street.

This is Forty-second Street—
Just because the years must pass,
Trees and hills are tumbling down,
Brick and granite rise like grass.

Up above in metal boughs,
We shall work our passions out,
Put the blow-torch to our love,
Or rivet it beyond a doubt.

—SCUDDER MIDDLETON

DON'T BOTHER TO DRESS

"DON'T bother to dress," the Baileys had said. "It's just an informal party—a few people in—" and here I was on my way there, when I might have been snug in my own little place with a sound book of scholarly research, improving my mind, and sipping a long drink of hot milk.

I decided then and there that this was to be my last party this year. I should not be lured again, even by those insidious words: "Don't bother to dress." I should be self-sufficient and smug, free of all this tearing about at night and all the futility and small talk of parties.

It did me good, this resolution, and when I entered the Baileys' house and heard in the room above the din of a successful party, I bore it better because I knew that it was for the last time.

There were few people I knew, I saw at once, and no one to whom I was really an object of any interest. Someone steered me by the elbow through the fray, and introduced me to a small blonde thing being kittenish in a corner. A Miss Spencer. I thought that at the sight of me Miss Spencer would swoon with boredom and I passed on quickly, especially as I saw a good place to sit down and from a side glance was aware that a stout lady was making for it too. I got there first though. "Have some mulled wine?" someone said. "I'll take some too," said the stout lady, and, as though our common beverage were some bond between us, she managed to wedge herself on the settle beside me.

"I am Mrs. Parkes," she said, "Emily Parkes, from New Orleans, and I think this is the dearest little party I have ever been to."

"New Orleans must be a charming, quaint city," I said, "one of the few American cities with an historical background, where Little Eva lived and died and where they have the Mardi Gras, a fête I have always wanted to see, but I understand that it costs as much to go to New Orleans as it does to go to Europe, and that is prohibitive for me."

"You would love it," said Mrs. Parkes. "I can tell that you are just the sort of person who would appreciate it. I knew a man once who looked just like you and he loved New Orleans."

"I had a twin brother but he was kidnapped as an infant," I told her.

"Aren't you killing," she screamed, and burst into laughter, though we had always looked upon this episode as a tragedy in the family.

"Do you live on the levee?" I asked when her mirth had abated.

She laughed again at this and shouted across the room to Miss Spencer that this odd creature had asked her if she lived on the levee. "Men say the strangest things to you," said Miss Spencer, more bored than ever.

THE room now began to fill up with a group of young people, Harvard boys and their little girl friends. They were very solemn and polite and stood about with coonskin coats on their arms, and gazed with wondering eyes at the antics of the elderly. When even their youthful sinews began to weary of this strain, they flocked out into the hall and banked themselves on the stairs, peering out through the bars of the banisters with wide guileless eyes like little cubs at the zoo.

How underestimated is the intrinsic discretion of youth, I reflected, as I watched them fly to the cover of the banisters. Perhaps that was the kernel of wisdom I was to glean from this occasion, for, I thought, even in all this nonsense a wise man would gather wisdom. But he wouldn't if he stayed much longer with Mrs. Parkes. I would break away from her. "Pardon me," I said to her, uncertain whether I was going at it

"I'm sorry, madam, but if we let you have a harp in your room all the other guests will be wanting them."

right, "I must be excused for a moment."

I got up and made my way toward the punchbowl, for there was a punch or "cup" as well as the mulled wine. But it was not so easy to make the crossing to the buffet. Something of an argument seemed to have arisen between a divinity student and a Wall Street man in regard to Miss Spencer. "Spencer drives 'em on," a Contessa Galuppi told me, grabbing my arm. "See that brunette over there?" she went on. "She is a model for clothes and poses for the magazines."

"What an interesting career," I said, making my way past the model, who was protesting the compliments of a young man at the moment.

"I am not really beautiful," she pouted. "I just happen to photograph well."

I turned and looked at her. "No," I said to her over my shoulder as I passed, "you have really a very intellectual face."

She smiled at me, turning away from her admirer. "Oh, I do like nothing better than an intellectual book," she said, and her eyes were kindly for me all at once.

WHAT nonsense life is, I thought, nodding genially to my host. How much happier was I going to be in the future just with the life of the recluse, the student.

Music was starting. I might wait for just one little turn about with someone—with the model, for instance. But the music was interrupted. The Wall Street man and the divinity student were at it again. There was a scuffle. It looked like a brawl. People intervened. I was caught in the current that separated the two men, and swept out into the hall along with the Wall Street man. Suppose there had been a brawl, an accident, someone hurt, a newspaper scandal, talk. This was the way those things started. Out of the turmoil emerged Mrs. Parkes.

"Still here?" she cried.

I looked at my watch. "It's late," I murmured.

The Harvard children on the stairs heard my words. There was an agitated upheaval in their ranks.

"Going?" I said to them.

"We have to catch a train, sir, or we shall miss our classes tomorrow, and be suspended."

"Suspended?" the idea shocked me. "I see you dangling," I said.

Mrs. Parkes drew me up on the vacated stairs.

"This is my last evening party," I said to her. "I shall never go out again."

"I see," she murmured, "yet I should think you would be asked out sometimes."

This interpretation was not the one I wanted.

"You don't understand," I began.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't a single engagement for the rest of the week?" she said.

"Not one."

"Not Thursday?"

"Not Thursday."

"Here," she cried, "I'll write down the address on my card. I count on you. If you don't turn up I'll come right down and get you. Just informal. Don't bother to dress."

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

• •

"No, he's in Nicaragua. Is there any message?"

PROFILES

A MIGHTY DEALER IN DOLLARS—II

J. Pierpont Morgan

THE outbreak of the European war came seventeen months after the death of the elder Morgan. At the time, the power and prestige of the House, under the younger Morgan, were being seriously threatened by Kuhn, Loeb & Company and other private banking houses who were openly going after Morgan business.

The war helped Morgan & Company; and Morgan & Company, more than any other single financial force, saved the Allies. Terrific responsibilities were placed suddenly upon the comparatively untried Morgan. The war forced him to reverse sharply his announced policy of conducting in future merely "a bond and security business upon a strict commission basis." England, financial bag-holder for the allied nations of Europe, recognized only Morgan & Company in American finance.

All Europe (with the exception of the Central Powers) and a large part of America turned to Morgan & Company for financial succor. Panic threatened New York. The municipality owed London scores of millions. London demanded payment in gold. Sterling exchange rocketed up to seven dollars. This was the junior Morgan's first test and he met it ably. He and his cabinet took hold, advanced gold credits and averted the crisis just as his father, by bringing gold out of hidden vaults, had halted the panic of 1907.

Soon Morgan & Company was drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict. Sentimentally and socially, the sympathies of the firm were on the side of the Allies. By 1915 France and England were in desperate need of American gold. The scholarly Lord Reading headed a mission to America and asked Morgan to form a syndicate and sell one billion dollars of five per cent, five year securities. No such sum had ever before been even mentioned in international finance.

The evening of the mission's arrival in America, Morgan entertained Lord Reading at dinner in the old Morgan mansion at Thirty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Reading and his host adjourned for coffee to the spacious, old-fashioned study on the second floor. Business had not previously been mentioned. The financier and the British statesman were old friends. Morgan lighted a cigar (when not puffing a pipe he smokes the same brand of strong, expensive thunderbolts his father used) and remarked, as casually as though speaking of the weather: "Reading, I wouldn't ask a billion if I were you. I think you'd be wiser to limit your first large bond issue to half a billion."

It is a striking illustration of the confidence the allied leaders had in the far-sighted judgment of the House of Morgan that Lord Reading at once accepted the American's advice. While the allied mission was crossing the Atlantic, Morgan and his partners had made a careful survey of the investment market and Morgan had in his pocket estimates from all over the country showing America's ability and inclination to absorb an allied loan.

This loan was the beginning of international finance on a new scale. Other vast operations followed. The same year (1915) Morgan & Company was appointed purchasing as well as fiscal agent of the Allies in the United States. It bought munitions and food supplies to the extent of billions upon billions, at times spending in one month amounts greater than the entire commerce of the world for a like period a generation before.

The terrific strain of the job broke the constitutions and eventually hastened the deaths of Henry P. Davison and Edward R. Stettinius. But Morgan, steel-nerved, iron-muscled, handled his share of the vast enterprises with frictionless efficiency. His self-discipline was the marvel of his associates. Each evening he dropped the awful responsibilities of the day, went motoring or cruised briefly in the Corsair.

DURING this period a madman forced his way into Morgan's Glen Cove home with a gun, and fired at Morgan. Although painfully wounded in the abdomen, Morgan shielded his wife, hurled himself at the intruder and disarmed the assailant before he himself collapsed. A few weeks later, fully recovered, Morgan arrived at his office at noon, unheralded and unguarded. Fifteen minutes before his accustomed hour of departure (four o'clock) an automobile drew up in front of The Corner. A crowd collected. Morgan walked alone to the machine. The crowd cheered. Surprised, the banker smiled, touched the brim of his hat, and waved his hand.

Evenings, during those anxious days, his only companions were Mrs. Morgan and George F. Baker, aged friend of his father and dean of Wall Street. Morgan's relations with Baker are almost those of son and father. Two years ago, when he learned that Baker was ill at Jekyll Island, Georgia, Morgan advanced the time of his usual winter vacation and motored south to see him.

IN spite of his human qualities, Morgan is tactless and absolutely lacking in diplomacy. After his father's death, he ordered almost immediate sale of the priceless paintings housed in the specially constructed Morgan Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Stunned officials of the Museum first learned of Morgan's act through the newspapers. The banker was bitterly criticized. It was his first real bath in antagonistic ink. He treated the attacks contemptuously, scorning the slightest attempt at defence. Years later one of his partners confided that Morgan sold the paintings because he was in imperative need of ready cash. His father's net estate was but nineteen million dollars and there were an inheritance tax of three millions and many other large expenses to be met.

There is similar explanation, his friends say, for another incident that caused him to be attacked by the press. Some years ago Morgan was subpoenaed to testify before the so-called

Walsh Industrial Relations Committee of Congress. One of the questions Walsh asked was: "Do you consider ten dollars a week proper wage for a longshoreman?" Bluntly, Morgan replied: "If that's all he can get and he takes it, I should say that is enough." The sentence rang around the country. Almost as many stinging editorials were written about it as about Commodore Vanderbilt's famous "public be damned" phrase. Yet the reply did not represent Morgan's real viewpoint. He did not and does not believe that ten dollars a week is sufficient wage for any man. He was merely venting his irritation at being unnecessarily dragged from his desk (as he viewed the matter) and placed upon public exhibition. When he entered the room and took the stand, he was infuriated to discover himself the centre of a forest of motion-picture cameras. He lost his temper and uttered an expression he has since regretted, though he would be the last to admit regret.

Friends say J. P. is warm, jovial, and generous-natured at heart. Once a junior employee stole a sum of money. The youth confessed and was headed for Sing Sing, apparently. Morgan heard of the matter and summoned the boy's mother. She came into his office weeping. "Now, now, none of that," ordered the banker brusquely. "Your son won't be sent to jail. I will get him another job and keep an eye on him."

MORGAN thus far has successfully repulsed the thrusts of publicity. He guards his inner life from all save a privileged few. Above all else, he is a family man. He adored his wife, Jane Norton Grew Morgan, whose brother, Edward, was a classmate of his at Harvard. Her father, Henry Sturgis Grew, was a banker, mill owner, and financier of Boston. She married Morgan in 1890, a year after the latter had received his diploma.

Morgan was eighteen when he became a Harvard freshman. He roomed at Beck Hall alone. Here had lived many other wealthy and famous sons of Harvard, among them Theodore Roosevelt, who later entered into deadly feud with Morgan senior.

In his last year at Harvard, Morgan was manager of the annual Hasty Pudding Club show. The production that year was Sheridan's comedy, "The Duenna." With Morgan in charge it was a big success. Harvard has received many gifts from her famous alumnus and in 1923 his alma mater bestowed on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He frequently attends class reunions. "The chief change in my condition since my last report to the class of '89 is my promotion to the position of grandfather," he told his classmates in 1918. He thanked the Harvard authorities for his appointment as an overseer of the university—"of all my jobs the one I liked best."

He was referred to as "Mr. Morgan" when asked to make a speech on the subject: "Of what earthly use are overseers?" "Oh, hell, call me Jack," interjected Morgan. On this occasion the class poet read some lines on the overseer, beginning:

"First comes the Great Lord Morgan—
hark how the trumpets crash!
Striding along with a heavy air,
cutting an awful dash."

"'Lo, sweetheart,
got anything suitable for a chorus boy?"

MRS. MORGAN died four years ago after a lingering siege of sleeping sickness. Since then, the banker has retreated more and more within himself. He attends the theatre or opera not half a dozen times a season, though his box at the Metropolitan is generally occupied by members of the family or friends. He is, however, passionately devoted to yachting, now about his only outdoor diversion, and is never so happy as when pacing the deck of the Corsair, especially during a squall. He rowed a great deal during his college days and seldom misses a Yale-Harvard race. Once he played a great deal of tennis, and even now he occasionally takes part in a doubles match with his family. Also, a few times a year, he joins a family foursome at golf. He was one of the founders of the Creek Club at Locust Valley and occasionally dines there with Clarence Mackay, Harry Payne Whitney, or other close friends.

He still deeply mourns his wife. Her room at Matinicock Point, over the library and to the left of the porch, is just as she left it. Something of the depth of affection between Mr. and Mrs. Morgan is shown in her will. The document left most of her property to her two sons and two married daughters but the will contains this unusual sentence: "I feel sure that if, through any unforeseen circumstances, my dear husband should ever be in need, my children will share with him the property derived from me."

There was an astonishing melding of spirit between Morgan and his wife. His beautiful memories of the British Isles centre largely about the fact that Jane Grew went there with him as a bride. For years he headed the London branch of his firm, and as a bride Mrs. Morgan was presented at Queen Victoria's court.

Morgan gives sedulous and personal attention to even the tiniest of the many philanthropies of his wife. She was a devoted member of the Garden Club and obeyed the club rule requiring members to cultivate a garden in person. Morgan is not an early riser and sometimes does not arrive

Let the Sampler say it !

This year . . . *do it!* On February 14th send "her" a Sampler, with its Valentine message . . . and see her eyes sparkle. Women so appreciate such thoughtfulness, yet we men so often neglect it. Send a Sampler . . . and win a smile!

Any Whitman agency will gladly take your order and deliver or mail the Sampler so it will reach its destination on Valentine's Day.

Whitman's Chocolates

speak a language every woman understands — and loves to hear

Whitman's Sampler is America's most loved . . . most delicious box of candy. Its contents are the public's choice of favorite pieces from eleven of Whitman's packages famous since 1842. Every piece a favorite . . . the finest quality . . . *fresh!*

Each Whitman agency is selected by us. And every pound of Whitman's is shipped quickly . . . *directly* to your dealer. Hence — guaranteed fresh!

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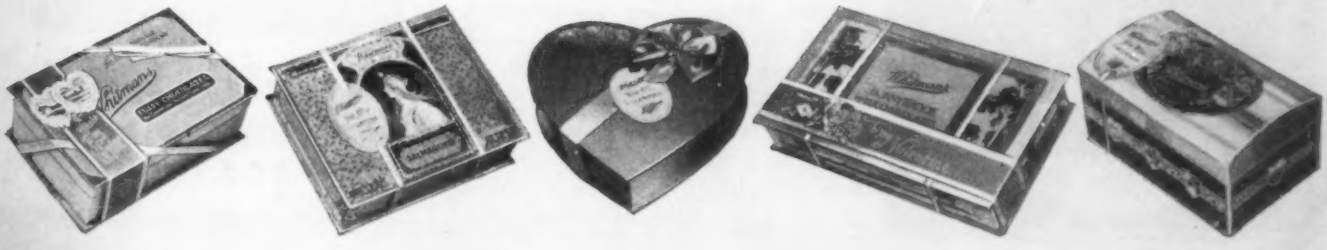

Three series, completely covering the fine car field, compose the new all-eight line of Packard Motor Cars.

The STANDARD EIGHT is distinguished for its riding comfort and the performance of its Packard straight eight motor. $2,435 to $2,835.

The handsome, fast and roomy CUSTOM EIGHT is the Packard Eight that has so long been the most popular of America's fine cars. $3,175 to $3,850.

The DE LUXE EIGHT is Packard's most luxurious productions, built expressly for those who desire the truly superfine in motor cars. $4,585 to $5,985.

(All prices at Detroit)

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PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
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PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

at his office until after eleven; but often, before he motors to town or rides the Corsair across the Sound to the New York Yacht Club landing at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, the financier dons rough outing clothing, goes into the little corner of the beautiful gardens that Mrs. Morgan herself tended, and plies shovel and rake. Mrs. Morgan loved tulips and raised many varieties. Annually and invariably Morgan's tulips win awards at many horticultural shows.

Mrs. Morgan was an old-fashioned housewife. There has never been a feeling of caste in the rambling three-story house on Matinicock Point, which is one of the few occupied by families of great wealth where strict immobility is not required of the servants. Often a footman or butler will set a lifted dish back on the serving table and smilingly await the completion of a dinner-table joke or anecdote. Then the servant joins in the general laughter without rebuke.

MORGAN is a diligent student of the Bible and of Shakespeare, and often surprises associates by copious and accurate quotations from these source-founts of literature. He is also an authority on the art treasures collected by his father and himself. Since the former's death he has added more than four thousand to the nineteen thousand volumes and manuscripts in the greatest private library in the world. In Europe he allots a liberal portion of his time to art dealers and bibliophiles. Morgan senior spent half a century assembling his art treasures. Five years ago, the son deeded the library to the public as a memorial to his father. Its use is necessarily restricted to scholars, since many of the rare manuscripts are not in condition to be handled much longer.

Often, afternoons, Morgan deserts the money marts and drives to the library, where he reads and browses for hours, frequently remaining long after the departure of Miss Belle da Costa Green and the latter's assistant librarian, Miss Ada Thurston. The great room of the library is one of the most romantic chambers in the world. Milton, as a boy, painted by Cornelius Janssen, looks down upon galleries, shelves, and tables containing treasures of queens and courtesans, popes and kings, scholars and statesmen.

In this beautiful setting, each Christmas Eve, a few close friends and members of the family, including the older of the eleven Morgan grandchildren,

Keep Youngsters Fit!

with Wurldsbest Ventilators

Fresh air is essential in every home, but it must be FRESH AIR WITHOUT DRAFT! That is exactly what a Wurldsbest Ventilator gives you—fresh air without draft, without rain, without snow. A special screen also keeps out dust. Thus a Wurldsbest Ventilator makes your home healthier for both young and old. ¶ Wurldsbest is a quality product, made entirely of a special rust-resisting steel. Luxuriouly finished in baked-on olive green enamel—an asset in appearance to the window. The fine mesh, bronze wire screen built in the back of each ventilator excludes dirt and dust. Made to fit any window and priced from $2.50 to $5.00, according to size. ¶ Sold by leading hardware and department stores. If yours cannot supply you, write for literature, sending your dealer's name direct to us, Dept. N-29.

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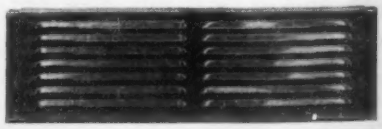
452 Lexington Ave. New York City



Wurldsbest
WINDOW
VENTILATOR

ACCENTS

ONCE, in a hushed audience at *La Bohême,* a quick gesture scattered a thousand tiny stars about a diamond bracelet . . . bright accent for a very lovely hand.

Later, at a particularly intimate luncheon for two, a black opal like a dark flame first burned and glowed on tapered ivory fingers.

And recently it was at Meadow Brook that a noted horsewoman was observed to wear a novel sport pin of carved and painted crystal . . . an exquisite miniature of her favorite mount.

Accents! . . . A line, a note, a thing different to create an impression intensely individual and characteristic . . . a new beauty . . . an unsavored charm!

It is a point of pride with Marcus & Company that in these cases, as in many another, they have occasioned new and notable modes . . . that in the baguette diamond, the black opal, the crystal miniature they have created vogues of real significance . . . high accents to the unending progression of modes and manners.

The Palm Beach branch of this establishment will remain open through March.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

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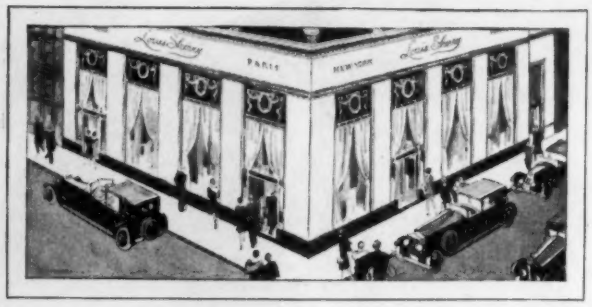


TO FILL GAPS
IN THE
SMART CUISINE

Every table luxury
to fill those last-minute needs of
the private cuisine is now available through
this latest Sherry service.
Chateau Canadian Cheddar Cheese . . . Gelatines . . .
Fresh Butter . . . Olive Oil Vierge . . . Vegetables-in-glass.

Both special importations with
Sherry approval,
and the exclusive table delicacies
of the Sherry kitchens . . . supplied
over the counter.
Also, Fountain Service . . . Confections
. . . Informal Restaurant.

Louis Sherry
TABLE DELICACIES SHOP
MADISON AVENUE AND
SIXTY-SECOND STREET

gather to hear the reading of "A Christmas Carol," from the original manuscript in the handwriting of Charles Dickens. The custom was initiated by the first J. Pierpont Morgan when Jack Morgan and his sister, Anne, were children.

Morgan's interest in Biblical lore has brought him some unusual associations. He and Pope Pius XI correspond regularly. When the financier is in Rome, he turns as soon as possible from the hustle and bustle of the revivified Mussolinean metropolis and drives to the Vatican. The Pontiff leads the way to an inner den where he and his distinguished guest from overseas sit about informally and discuss—Coptic manuscripts!

The friendship began when Pope Pius, then Monsignor Ratti, undertook the labor of restoring sixty volumes written in Coptic, or medieval Egyptian script, and dating back to the seventh century. Two years before his death Morgan senior—in Italy he was called admiringly "Il Magnifico, the modern Lorenzo de' Medici"—enlisted the aid of Monsignor Ratti in making legible the tattered pages. Il Magnifico had just paid a large sum for them. The unique Coptics were discovered in a dry well attached to the ruined monastery of St. Michael the Archangel in Fayum, Egypt.

Pope Pius is perhaps the greatest living authority on early Christian documents. He and expert manuscript restorers stiffened the crumbling parchment with gelatin; and the writing so cleared up that nearly all of it can now be read. In 1923, after twelve years of uncertainty, the Pope sent the restored volumes to the younger Morgan. They now occupy cabinets of honor in the Morgan Memorial Library. Ten complete photographic copies of the original volumes have been deposited in the leading museums and libraries of the world; and students of exegesis pore over them, eagerly searching out differing versions of the New Testament.

REMEMBERING his father's nervous and physical breakdown in his mid-seventies, Morgan guards his health. He has no dissipations and carefully regulates his manner and method of life. Because of the increasing frequency of his trips to England, he maintains a fully-staffed home at 12 Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. He may drop in at any moment to find the massive table ready for

IT HAS THE DATELESS BEAUTY OF ALL DISTINGUISHED THINGS

A CAR so smart that it is perfectly at home at Biarritz or on Park Avenue . . . so beautiful that people turn their heads to see it . . . so finely made that you need not even break it in. . . . A car that will bear you swiftly, smoothly, silently to your engagements. One that embodies the skill of the greatest living coachmakers . . . Le Baron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . Luxury and comfort and good taste always, yet underneath, a mechanism so strong, so perfectly adjusted that you are scarcely conscious it is there. . . . In short, a car that you will feel proud to appear in, till all its years of service have been run.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan.

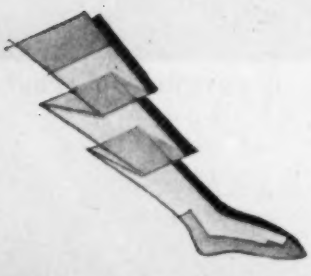
A Lincoln sport roadster, with body by Locke, the property of George U. Harris, Esq., of New York, photographed on his estate at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

"No part of one's costume is so conspicuous above the footlights as one's stockings. Whether my rôle calls for standing, sitting or walking about, I can be sure of smooth ankles, and lovely costume-harmonizing tints in my stockings—they're always Van Raalte."

Helen Menken
Starring in
"Congai"



VAN RAALTE
Silk Stockings

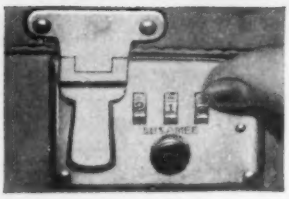
dinner, the covers of his bed turned back, curtains drawn, lights ready to turn on, and ash tray and book placed beside the bed. Incidentally, if the book is the latest crime thriller, Morgan will be pleased. Like so many other men of burdens, he frequently turns to detective fiction for relief.

Morgan has no intention of dying in harness. It is noticeable of late years that he and his older associates have picked young partners, men in the early forties or even younger. The oldest Morgan son, Junius Spencer (they call him "Junior" at 23 Wall) is destined to succeed to the chieftainship of the house. Junius has a dry, biting humor, much on the order of the great-grandfather for whom he was named. He is now one of the most important of the partners.

The other Morgan son, and youngest of the four children, is Henry Sturgis. After five years of apprenticeship in the tough school at 23 Wall, he was made a partner last January 1, along with young Henry Pomeroy Davison and Thomas Stilwell Lamont. Harry Morgan is twenty-eight, Davison thirty, Lamont twenty-nine. True to tradition, Harry Morgan started as a messenger. After two years he worked his way into a clerkship. Really *worked* his way. No Morgan ever raised his son to soldier. Even though he now has a job yielding, it is said, at least a million a year, Harry may be seen any afternoon swinging along towards the subway puffing at a pipe. In appearance he differs not at all from hundreds of other hustling youngsters in the financial district. Undoubtedly the head of the firm looks forward eagerly to the time when he may transfer his burdens and responsibilities to his sons.

THE J. Pierpont Morgan of today is a massive, deep-chested, graying-haired man who paces restlessly beneath the frowning oil portrait of his father at 23 Wall Street. Paces restlessly, for at heart this Morgan is not a money king. He is more essentially a student, a scholar, a bibliophile. He has accepted thus far the burdens of his position, good-humoredly and capably, because these burdens were thrust upon him. If the traditions of his family had permitted, friends say, he would have preferred a more cloistered life.

The drift of Morgan's mind is towards study, contemplation, and the quiet pursuits of a country gentle-



GONE . . . *your luggage keys*

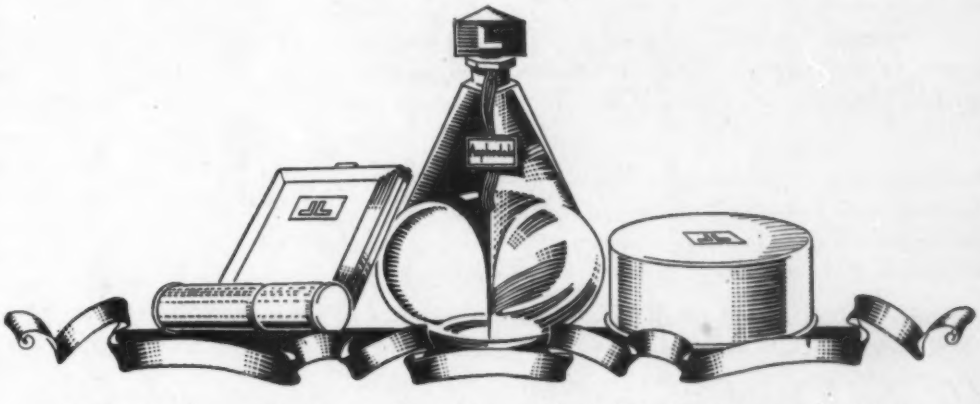
Into the limbo of forgotten things go your keys and key-worries, when you travel with luggage equipped with Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key. (To open Sesamee locks, wheels are spun to a secret self-set combination.) These convenient locks are put on the finest luggage, which we carry exclusively.

Featherlite Luggage **is made of the finest glazed linen, bound with leather and lined with silk. Each piece weighs only about 18 ounces. The suitcase comes in 20 to 24 inch lengths at $23.50. The hat-box is fitted with hanger which will carry six dresses with ease. $35. Equipped with the safe Sesamee keyless lock—opened as easily in dark as daylight, by the secret combination—address, phone number. It is a great convenience to have all your Sesamee-equipped luggage set at the same combination . . . Also other Featherlite pieces.**

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE NEW KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
369 Madison Ave.—in the Roosevelt Hotel

SHE WALKS IN FRAGRANT LOVELINESS

She is like a flower. Where she moves, a little song of fragrance touches the heart. Upon her cheek a flower's fresh blooming is held soft captive. Upon her lips dwells a warm touch of loveliness . . . For her that is like a flower these delicate creations of Lenthéric have been dream—then reality . . . exquisite translations of her own subtle allure . . . Powders of Lenthéric like a thistledown caress, each echoing sweetly and clearly the note of its companion-perfume—whether it be the triumphant beauty of *Miracle,* the gardenia languor of *Asphodèle,* or the gay audacity of *Le Pirate* . . . Then, Lenthéric lipsticks like dainty toys of mother-of-pearl and gold to accent the tender curve of lips with smoothest, warmest tones . . . Silvery Lenthéric compacts modeled with a jeweler's skill after a slim French watch and fragranced to match her perfume. All these Lenthéric tributes to rare and vivid charm can be found in the smarter shops as well as in the Lenthéric Salon



Lenthéric perfumes, $5 to $45 . . . Powder in 5 subtle shades, and white, $1.00 (Each box contains its own immaculate puff) . . . Double compacts, smart and slim, with a catch that works as precisely as a watch . . . with its own extra powder refill, $2.50 . . . Lipsticks, three shades, $1.50

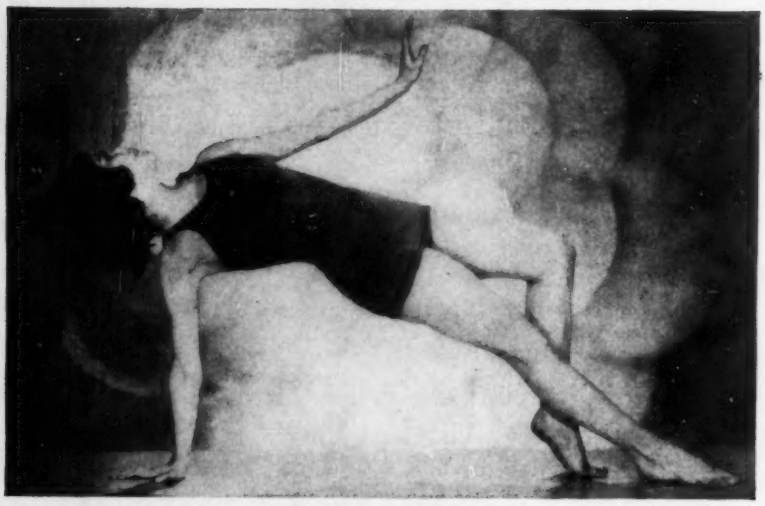
Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

SAVOY-PLAZA · FIFTH AVENUE AT 58 · NEW YORK

YOUR BEAUTY IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

says Elizabeth Arden



The New Plastic Exercise models the figure into lines of beauty

YOU may have others to blame for your losing at Contract, marrying beneath you, or missing the last train from town, but if a trace of the wear and tear of present-day living shows on your face, you have only yourself to blame. In this enlightened age there is no excuse for tired eyes and sagging skin. Elizabeth Arden has put her secret of beauty at your fingertips.

The modern woman must be as lovely as her loveliest gown, therefore it is only logical that she should consider the preservation of her beauty a prime essential. She no more neglects her skin than her teeth, knowing as she does, that a few minutes of judicious care daily are a necessity, not a luxury.

The beauty routine sponsored by Elizabeth Arden becomes a joyous affair as you watch the sallowness and lines melt away in a glow of youth. In addition to her Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning, Miss Arden advises her new Ardena Firming Treatments. The remarkable Vienna Youth Mask, brought to this country by Miss Arden, has been most amazingly successful as a *natural* method of rejuvenation.

And in order that you may have not only beauty of face, but also that beauty of body so essential to a fashionable *allure,* Miss Arden has now added to her personally planned exercises a new form of rhythmic movement called Plastic Exercise, which subtly models your figure as it develops grace.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

Telephone: Plaza 5847

LONDON PARIS BERLIN MADRID ROME

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

man. He is never so happy as on his frequent trips to Europe. Each fall he goes to Wall Hall, his estate in Hertfordshire, England, and to his shooting box in Scotland. He is an excellent hunter and generally follows his pointers home with a bulging bag of grouse and pheasant and partridge. He loves to stroll, tweed-clad, about his ample English and Scotch acres while peasantry pulls its forelock in willing and natural obeisance to the lord of the manor. —JOHN K. WINKLER

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.)

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A TAXI-DRIVER COMMENTS ON THE WHALEN PLAN

"I AIN'T thinkin' of myself so much, see, but the trouble with him is, he's all wrong. What he says don't go for taxis. Private cars off the streets, O.K., but taxis, no. Look-it over there on the sidewalks. Look at all them people fairly starvin' for cabs. Why, that doorman had to come all the way up to Fifty-second Street to get me, and youse people waitin' at Forty-eighth. Lady, if I was to pick you up at the Astor and you was sick—you could die of septic poison before I got to the Biltmore. Lookit—I gotta go all the way down to Fortieth Street to get you to Lexington and Forty-fourth. I wouldn't leave you standin' on the street a night like this. I oughtena be out myself. I won't be doin' this long—I can't stand it, all this snow and sleet. Look at those people standin' on the sidewalk—six hundred people dyin' of pneumonia while I'm makin' one trip —six hundred passengers all starvin' to death for taxicabs while I have to go way to Fortieth Street. When a doorman gets me I always know it's gonna be a short trip. How do I know? I study it, it's a business. Same way I know that when I take a fella and a girl over to Brooklyn or Long Island City if the girl does a lot of talkin' the fella's goin' to make the return trip. I know a lot of things I could tell this Whalen."

—ALICE HARVEY

•

Nearly every one took advantage of the cold weather yesterday and killed hogs.—*O'Donnell (Tex.) Index.*

We're not sure whether that's taking advantage of the weather or of the hogs.

as a Young New Yorker wired a friend in the provinces . . .

YOU HAVE NOT SEEN ANYTHING YET MY LAD STOP WHEN ROSALIE WHICH IS A SWELL SHOW HITS YOUR SO CALLED METROPOLIS STEAL IF NECESSARY BUT DO NOT MISS BOBBÉ ARNST * SHE WILL NOT MEAN YOU WHEN SHE SINGS SHOW ME THE TOWN BUT YOU WILL WISH SHE DID HOW THAT GIRL PUTS CAPITAL I CAPITAL T INTO DANCING AND SINGING STOP THE MINUTE YOU SEE HER YOU WILL REALIZE THIS WIRE IS WORTH EVEN MORE THAN IT IS COSTING YOU CHORTLED - JERRY

BOBBÉ ARNST—*delightfully young—is one of the cleverest singers of personality songs on the stage today. New Yorkers sat up and took notice immediately she appeared in* Le Maire's Affairs, *and applauded her enthusiastically through the 335 performances of* Rosalie's *long run in New York. She is most charming to look at, and she says: "Smooth fine skin is so very important to every girl! I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for keeping my skin lovely."*

★Bobbé Arnst is still another of the many, many popular actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, they find that it keeps their skin delightfully smooth and lovely. At the actresses' request, leading theaters throughout the country have placed this daintily fragrant white soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, of the 79 legitimate theaters, 71 use Lux Toilet Soap—and in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

SOME BOUNCE EASY

EAT-'EM-UP JACK MCMANUS would never hit a cripple. He'd just kick a gimp in the good leg and leave him lay in the sawdust drumming upon the floor with his wood instrument.

Eat-'Em-Up was king of the bouncers in the days before the Bowery turned respectable. Big and Little Tim were then buckos in broadcloth, and of a clear day Tom Foley could be heard roaring instructions to Al Smith and his other byes in a voice that was like a calliope in labor. McManus had the job of bouncing 'em out in John McGurk's places—the Mop, Sailors' Snug Harbor, and Suicide Hall. On Saturday nights he covered his beat in a cab and hoped there'd be enough sailors and cops to go around.

McManus was as much of a personality in his way as the Peaches Brownings, George Remuses, Harry K. Thaws, and Grover Cleveland Bergdolls of our time. Short-Change Charlie, McGurk's chief coadjutor, used to say that McManus' parents came by him in a peculiar way. "Jack's mudder stepped on a nail in de gutter one day," Charlie would confide. "Least she t'ought it was a nail. It wasn't. Dat nail was de guy yuh see over dere," and Charlie would indicate a powerful, gorilla-like person leaning against the bar. This person had a ledge for a head, a barrel for a chest, and polished little slits of patent leather for eyes.

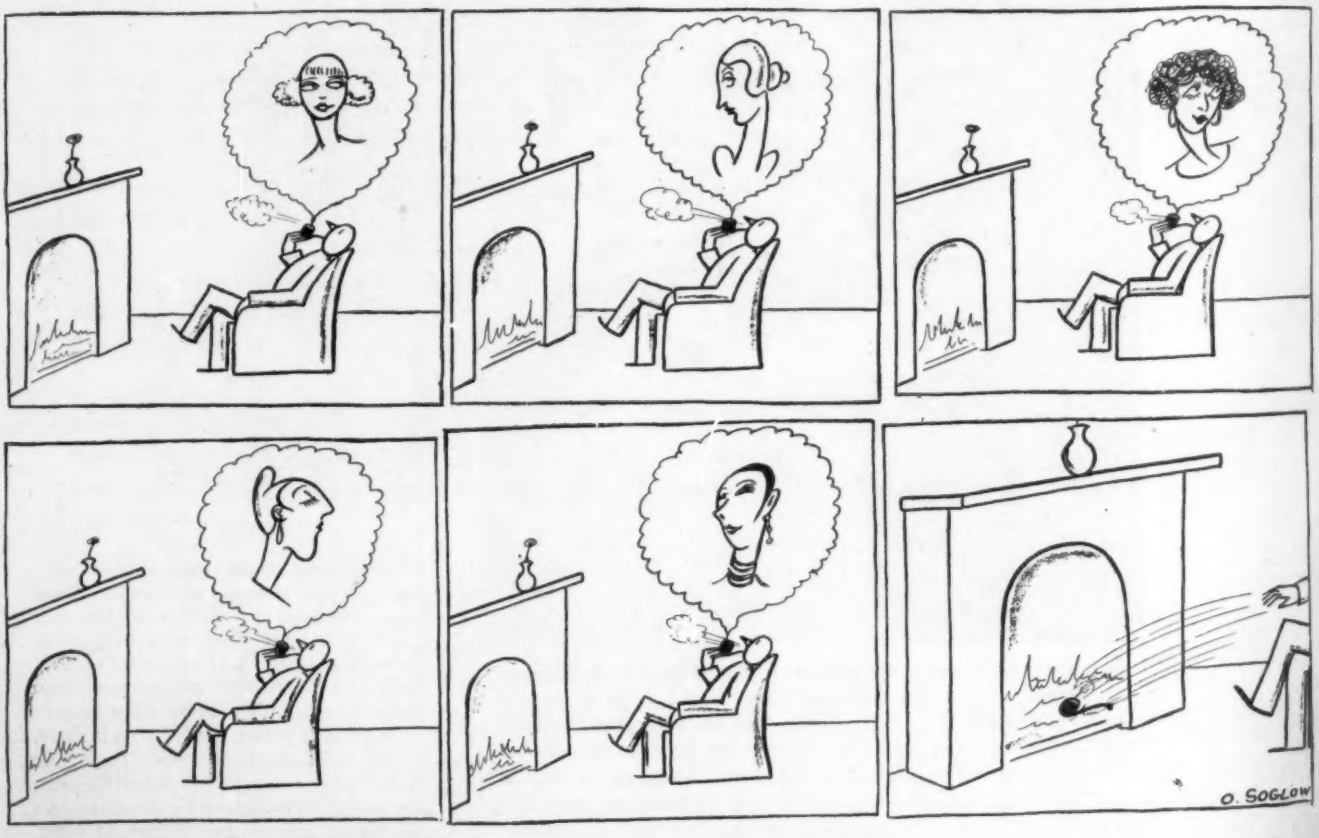
Eat-'Em-Up was beautiful in action. He had a patent on certain little tricks, a patent that other chuckers-out such as Handsome Harry at the Chatham and Big Bill Graham at the Haymarket way uptown never infringed. For instance, he kept a few broken highball glasses beneath the bar. When a pet enemy came at him fast and sudden, McManus would calmly reach for a jagged glass and grind it into the attacker's face.

EVENTUALLY McManus got shot from behind. Previously, in his long career, he met defeat only once. This was at the hands of the first of the Terrible Turk catch-as-catch-can wrestlers who invaded America in the palmy days of Sandow. This Turk's name, of course, was Yussuf. If he had ever consented to having his neck fenced, the size of his collar would have been twenty-two. But he believed in permitting the breezes to blow freely through the mattress of hair that adorned his fifty-eight-inch chest.

One evening Yussuf came rolling out of the night into the Mop. In some manner he had escaped his manager and his private chef. He spoke not a word of English. Also, he was hungry. He tried to make his wants known to McManus. "Whodehell d'ye t'ink yuh are," growled the bouncer, "Little Buttercup?" The Turk glowered and patted his stomach. So McManus socked him with a bung-starter and the barkeep chimed in with a stocking full of sand. They were good potent one-two punches and had never before failed to drop a man. But Yussuf shook off the blows as though they had been flies, and decided that he had been denied hospitality due a visiting celebrity.

Bellowing with rage, the huge Turkish delight tossed the bartender through the front swinging doors. He enclosed McManus in his great redwood arms and flipped him twenty feet into the back room. Then up came the reinforcements. Dozens and dozens of boys at the tables and in the gas-lighted back room and even a few frowsies in skirts, well on in the evening's drinking, leaped upon the strange apparition. It was a glorious, glorious battle while it lasted. Yussuf at last went down under the avalanche.

Sleeping gently and showing little



A message to all sportsmen

The businesses of Abercrombie & Fitch and Von Lengerke & Detmold are now combined and housed in the A & F Building at the corner of Madison Avenue and 45th Street—Where the Blazed Trail Crosses the Boulevard.

There is scarcely a man or woman in the country who has felt the whip of a fly-rod and thrilled to the song of the reel who does not know the names of Abercrombie & Fitch and Von Lengerke & Detmold.

Wherever guns are fired for sport, where the happy bloodless battles are fought on Court and Course, on the trails that lead from home into the most remote places of the whole world, these names are carried on clothes and equipment.

It is fitting that they should be merged under one banner for the service of sportsmen and sportswomen.

In the new Gun Room are assembled the works of the world's finest gunsmiths; fishing rods and tackle for every conceivable detail of the angler's art, and saddlery equipment which includes everything but the horse and the stable. On the next floor are camp goods for every latitude and longitude and supplies for boat lovers. On all floors are men whose lives have been devoted to sport, ready to serve you with expert knowledge and what is greater, an enthusiastic interest in your individual needs.

You will find here a somewhat uncommercial welcome that savors more of one sportsman's greeting to another. Come in and see what we believe are the most adequate stocks in any country of hunting, camping and fishing goods.

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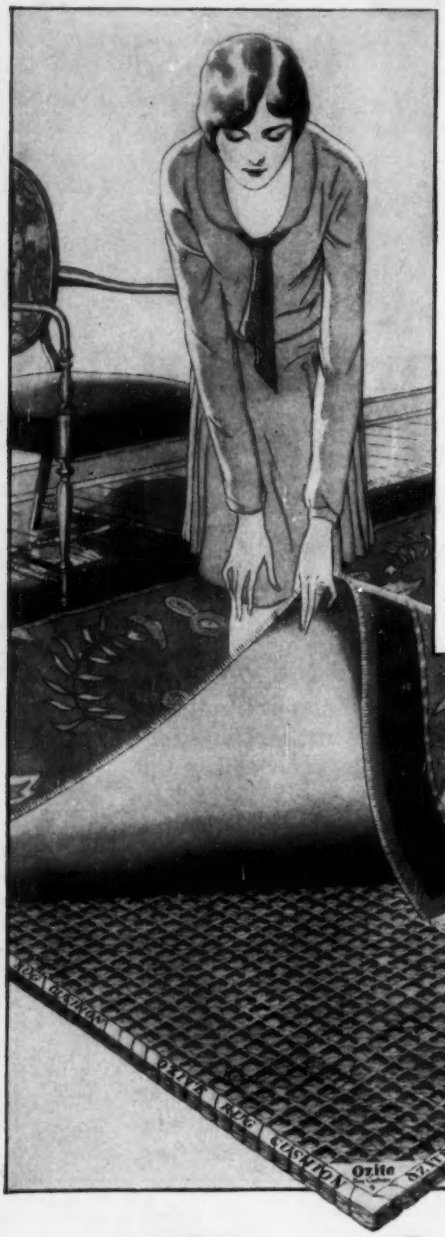
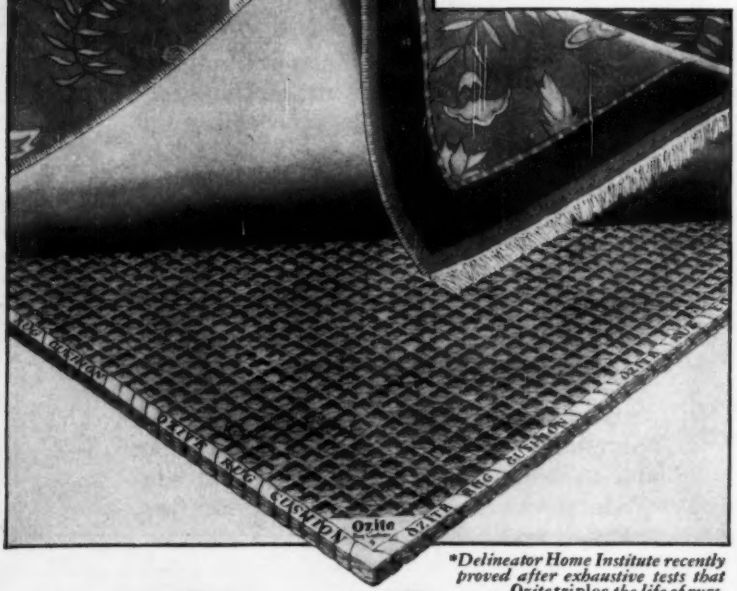
EVERY RUG needs an Ozite cushion



Soft as velvet underfoot . . . yielding as spring grass . . . Ozite Cushion makes any rug more enjoyable, more luxurious, more economical. Its gentle resilience, like an oriental's, creates a sense of luxury that makes every rug seem worth twice its cost!

And Ozite Cushion doubles* the life of rugs and carpets... makes them last twice* as long as ever before! Ozite actually *cushions* the fabric . . . absorbs the shocks and blows of every heel. It more than repays its own small cost by adding years of life to rugs and carpets.

All stores selling floor coverings recommend Ozite. Ask for the original Ozite, with orange colored taping on the edges. Ozite is permanently moth-proofed, and unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy. Its principal features can't be imitated because they are *patented*. Send coupon for sample.



*Delineator Home Institute recently proved after exhaustive tests that Ozite triples the life of rugs.

Ozite Patented Sept. 9, 1924

Rug Cushion

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells Street, Chicago

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CLINTON CARPET CO., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago

Here's the coupon! Please send me a free sample of Ozite Cushion and your free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets".

Name .....

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outward signs of the fray, the Terrible Turk was dragged outside by six men and deposited upon the car tracks. There was method in this procedure: if the cop on the beat didn't stumble across the unconscious form of the bouncee, the driver of the horse car was bound to come upon him and summon an ambulance. In those days ambulances ran like stage lines from Bellevue to the Bowery.

This, then, was the setting when old Peg-Leg Dougherty came along driving the horse car. Peg-Leg was sleepy. So was his old nag Pete. They'd had a hard ten hours. On this trip there were no passengers, nothing to keep them awake. So Peg-Leg dozed at the reins and Pete leaned against the harness, drowsily. The Terrible Turk slumbered on the tracks.

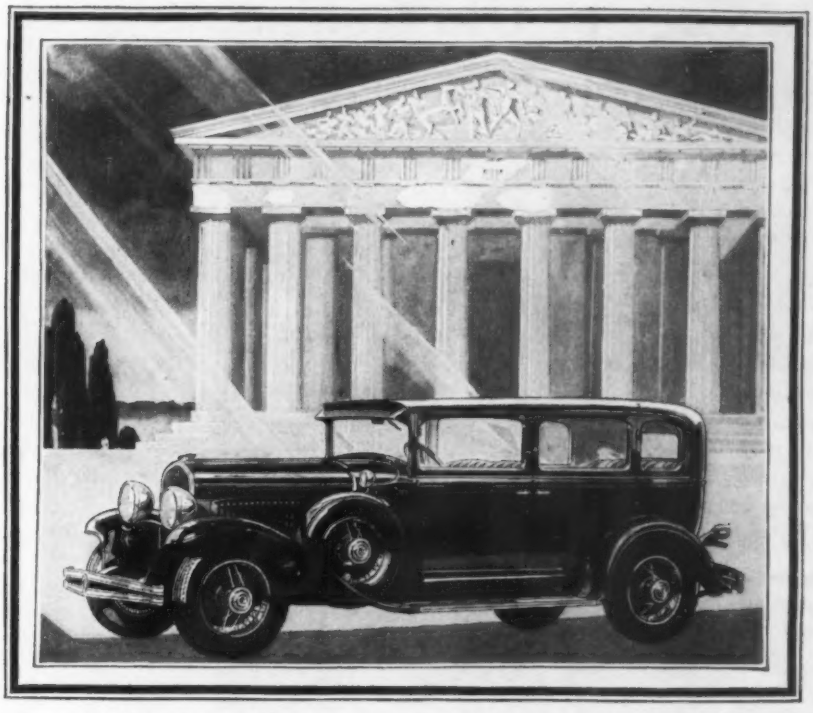
When he saw a dim object looming before him, Pete instinctively lifted his hocks high and stepped over it. The next moment Peg-Leg was jolted into wakefulness. The platform beneath his feet lurched at a thirty-degree angle. "Musta hit a big rock," he mumbled. "Gittyup there wit' ye, now, Pete." Pete pulled away lustily and the old carryall creaked successfully over the obstruction.

"Whoa, Pete, les' see what that was," ordered Peg-Leg. He stepped down into the street and walked back. He was just in time to see a huge object, a mountain of a man, sway unsteadily to his feet, shake his great head, and roar with rage. Peg-Leg leaped back upon his platform. "Git up, Pete," he shouted in terror, "let's get away from here!"

The Terrible Turk lurched back into the dive. When the apparition again loomed in the doorway, every man jack in the place, including McManus, dived through the windows and fled up the alley. Yussuf, they say, enjoyed a pleasant party for the rest of the night, alone.

AH, bouncing was a great art in those days. Chucking-'em-out was an operation entrusted only to experts. Lovingly memory dwells upon Sweeney the Bottle Fighter. Sweeney was the terror of the Tenderloin when I was a cub occasionally covering the old West Thirtieth Street police station. Sweeney's joint was raucous and his methods were crude. But Sweeney spurned lead pipes, blackjacks, sandbags, and bungstarters. Sweeney always delivered his little love taps with a bottle. His aim with a

CHRYSLER BEAUTY
IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over—New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised, based upon the canons of ancient classic art.*

Chrysler designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions.

But Chrysler has also found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain.

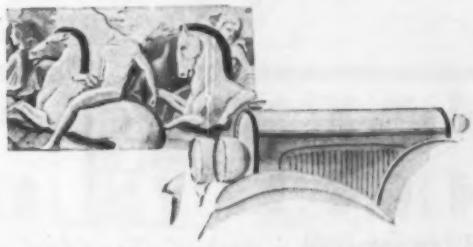
Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

* * *

The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception



Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145* * * * New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345* * * * New Chrysler Imperial—*Five custom body styles priced from $2675 to $3475. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

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"Will the gentleman who just coughed, step to the box office . . . *for a package of* Old Golds?"

"Of course, I have never said those words from the stage — but in all kindness I have often wanted to offer this friendly help to some poor fellow whose cough was spoiling the enjoyment of those around him.

"A year or so ago, when the makers of OLD GOLD ran some ads on the effect of coughing in theatres, I was grateful. I am more grateful now that OLD GOLD has invited stage folk to help them bring 'first aid' information to our unhappy friends the 'coughers.'

"My advice is that prevention is the best aid. Smoke OLD GOLDS. They soothe the throat and prevent the 'cough-tickle.'"

SIGNED Groucho Marx

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLDS are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure *honey-like smoothness.*

On *your Radio* . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, and his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

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dead soldier was as unerring as that of the late Annie Oakley and Colonel Bill Cody with rifles.

More than once an enemy had Sweeney on the floor, apparently dead to the world, completely *hors de combat.* Crowing, the putative victor would stroll to the bar, maybe thirty feet away, and triumphantly order a round for the crowd. Then Sweeney would stir like a wounded panther, reach for the nearest bottle, and zing! it would whizz through the air singing its little song and the triumphant one, caught square behind the ear, would collapse into the sawdust.

Sweeney, as I recall, died in jail. They should have lined his tomb with empty and dented beer bottles.

SOME bouncers, within memory, had a surprising streak of benevolence. There was Father Smith, who officiated in a bar in Forty-first Street, near Broadway. Father was an expert at walking 'em Spanish. That consisted of seizing the bouncee by the slack of the pants with one hand and by the coat collar with the other. The result was the party of the second part was helpless. His arms hung loose like a scarecrow's.

Father was very pious and never liked to do his stuff unless forced. When a sense of duty impelled him to eject a friend, as it often did, he wouldn't withhold his brawny arm and broad boot. But he'd do the job as tenderly as possible. Great luscious tears coursed down his nose upon such occasions. Often Father and his vic-

FOSTORIA FINGER BOWLS

WATCH slender white fingers dabbling in the crystal mystery of a Fostoria bowl. Follow the feathery, fascinating shadows patterned on the damask cloth. Consider the play of varying lights on the glass—the ever-changing loveliness.

How much more effective Fostoria makes the serving of a simple meal! How much the elegance of Fostoria finger bowls adds to the graciousness of your hospitality! When you entertain again, enjoy the satisfaction of having Fostoria appear on your table. You will find finger bowls in several styles, plain and etched, in the better shops and glassware departments.

Finger bowls are made to match the Fostoria dinner service. They may of course be purchased separately. And prices of this fine glass are exceedingly moderate.

FOSTORIA colors are all constant. That is, they can be matched exactly at any time. . . . Azure is a blue with the quality of Venetian glass. Dawn is a subtle rose. Green is clear and cool. Amber, warm. There is now a delightful new yellow, unlike any yellow ever made. And of course crystal. . . . All genuine Fostoria carries this little label. It indicates finest modern American glass. Dinnerware that is absolutely practicable for serving hot foods. Complete dinner service with matching stemware sold in fine stores in New York and throughout the country. For "The New Little Book About Glassware" (free) address, The Fostoria Glass Co., Dept. N-2, Moundsville, W. Va.

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Travel's the best little combiner of business and pleasure that ever put smiles on a man's face and dollars in his balance at the bank. -:- Don't read about the European market... see it for yourself, beginning with France, the radiating center. -:- Walk into France any Saturday up "the longest gangplank in the world" to the "France", the "Paris" or the "Ile de France"... the "De Grasse" and "Rochambeau" for people of exacting taste who do not happen to possess bottomless pocketbooks. -:- Meet keen men like yourself on board and exchange ideas. -:- See what your competitors are doing abroad. -:- Nose out new openings. -:- Beat the stick-at-homes to the latest opportunity. -:- Charge it all to office expenses . . . while you're having the time of your life! -:- And if that isn't eating your cake and having it, too . . . the next round's on us!
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tim would have a good cry together out on the Forty-first Street pavement.

The only time Father was ever known to lose his temper was when a wriggling little Mexican kicked him in the shins and, when Father stooped, pulled his whiskers. Father hated to have his whiskers pulled; even then he wasn't rough. He just patted the little man on the head with his open palm, which was as large as an elephant's ear. Then he threw some cold water on the little fellow to revive him.

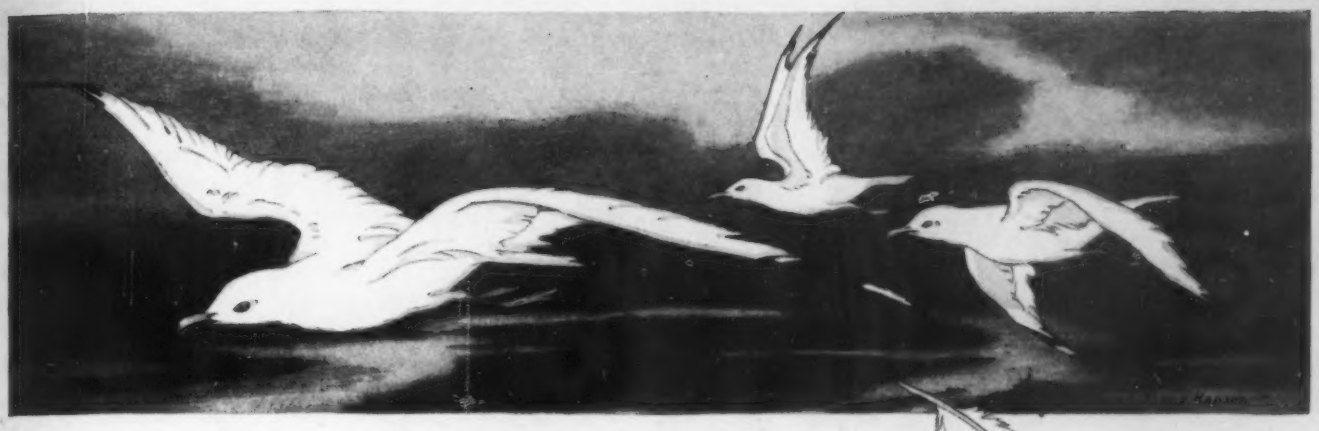
Up Broadway a few blocks was Gallagher's, down below the street level. Here Joe Callahan and Yank Sullivan had a tough problem. They had to bounce 'em out and *up*. They divided the work. Joe would rush 'em to the door and sprawl 'em. Yank would give 'em the old coat trick—slipping his right arm inside the coat from the shoulders down—and then get 'em to the street by knee leverage.

FROM a scientific point of view, though, the best bouncing was done in Jack's, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street. John Dunstan, who died lately at seventy-four, was a shrewd Irish-American who ran a facility at opening oysters into a fortune of three million dollars.

Jack's Flying Wedge of bouncing waiters was famous all over the world. They never bounced back after they were bounced out of Jack's. After he'd gone through the milling fists of the Flying Wedge and been tossed on the pavement, there was no more fight left in a fellow—whether he was a puny clerk or heavyweight champion. There was a lot of democracy in bouncing at Jack's. The bouncers had standing orders that everyone was to be treated alike. Jack was no respecter of persons when they were in a rowdy and fighting mood.

In thirty years, Jack made just one exception in his general rule. The beneficiary was an eccentric poet and essayist. This gentleman won the privilege of being bounced *four* times in any given evening. He treasured the honor more than if France had given him the Legion of Honor, and he was the envy of the crowd of artists, writers, wine salesmen, clubmen, gamblers, etc., that hung out in Jack's.

Here's how the poet won his privilege: He and a certain actor were cronies. The player proudly called himself "the best bad actor in America" and nobody disputed him. At times the chums liked to toss things around and play practical jokes. So Jack



....a feather FLUTTERS..

A feather flutters from the sky as a tiny bird hovers aloft, swung from the stars by invisible cords... until, with the tremulous beat of sensitive wings, it thrills to life...away in a soaring glide—so smooth, so exquisitely balanced...so effortless. How completely this feathered flight silently expresses the velvet action of each Hardman piano. For 87 years of constant experiment and painstaking development, Hardman, Peck & Company have created a distinctive type of mechanism, so incredibly effortless, so perfectly balanced, that beneath the flying fingers of the appreciative musician it seems almost human in its instant response to the finest shadings of an individual touch. For only such perfection of balance and such velvet ease of action could be capable of releasing from the depths of these hand-made musical masterpieces the rich warm treasure of tone that has made Hardman pianos internationally famous for more than three-quarters of a century.

The MODERNIQUE *piano cases are the first to be executed in the modern manner. Designed for Hardman by Edward J. Steichen, Helen Dryden, Lee Simonson and Eugene Schoen.*

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To return to our mutton: When cold lamb and the unexpected guest synchronize, be nonchalant . . . light a gas range and serve Rechauffe of Lamb a la Guasti. This is only *one* way to transform simple foods into unusual dishes with Guasti Cooking Sherry. Many others are shown in "Treasured Flavors", a new kind of recipe book. In sending for your *free* copy please address Dept. 514 for this aid to cookery.

Rechauffe of Lamb a la Guasti

Brown 2 tablespoons butter; add 2½ tablespoons flour, and stir until well browned; then add ¼ teaspoon, each, curry powder, mustard and ⅛ teaspoon paprika. Add gradually 1 cup brown stock and 2 tablespoons Guasti Cooking Sherry. Reheat cold roast lamb cut in thin slices in sauce.

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established a house rule for them: they were to be allowed free pasturage when the mood was on them in the oyster bar (or Psychopathic Ward) and in the back room. Dunstan warned them not to cross a metaphorical line into the respectable north and south rooms.

This rule chafed the poet. One night he boldly crossed the line and entered the south room. Here Big Bill Moran was headwaiter and chief bouncer. Everyone was shocked at the poet's audacity. The actor watched in fascination from his post at the bar. Then he pulled himself together and rushed to his friend's side, shouting: "Two Soldiers of Algiers."

In no time at all, Moran, Biff, Jeff, and Johnny the Greek landed the two upon the sidewalk.

THE actor never succeeded in negotiating a truce with old man Jack. The deadline still barred his way into the respectable dining halls. But the poet subtly worked on old Dunstan's one weakness: his love for Ireland. On quiet nights he would draw Jack to one side and discuss Irish lore and folk songs by the hour. Finally Jack melted and bestowed a priceless boon upon the slicker. "Me bye," he pronounced solemnly, "to you, me son, I grant a privilege. Ye may be forced from any wan of me four doors in any wan evenin' an' ye may enter in again freely and hav' a dhrop of liquor untale ye've used up all your privileges."

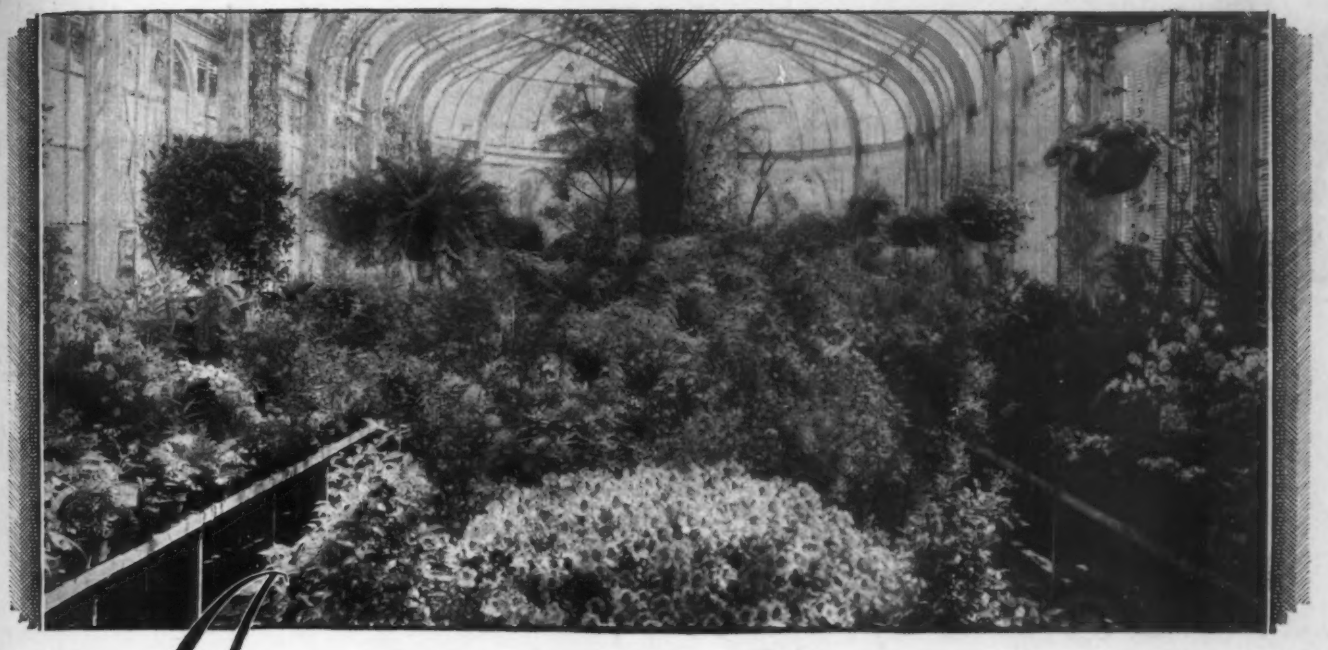
The poet wore his honors modestly; but occasionally he just had to show the other habitués that he was favored of the gods. So he'd stroll into the north or south room, sing the "Marseillaise," and benevolently receive the friendly blows of the Flying Wedge. Then he'd dust his clothing and step grandly back into the hallowed preserves through a door still open to him. Many of Jack's millionaire regulars would have given a fortune for the privilege.

—JOHN K. WINKLER

•

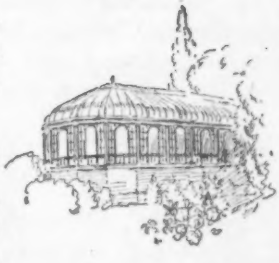
HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

The deal [John D. Rockefeller's taking over of three city blocks from Columbia University] is interesting for several reasons. Curiously enough, it was first reported in the light hearted and frivolous editorial comment of THE NEW YORKER, a weekly journal which, in this instance, scored one of the biggest news beats of the year. Copies of THE NEW YORKER containing the report were received in San Francisco some days before the first telegraphic dispatch quoting an announcement that was to appear the following morning in the New York Times.—*The Argonaut, San Francisco.*



And then—
The Lady From Irvington *Accuses—*

"YOU'RE in love with someone, Freddy," accused the Lady from Irvington. "That's why you look so distracted and distraught."



"I'm always in love with *someone*," I said emphasizing the last word ever so gently, "but that's not why I'm distraught. I'm downhearted. When my mind says buy, my hunch says sell. The result is that I'm kept out of the market most of the time. I *might* have made, or possibly lost, a great deal of money, I don't know which."

"Poor Freddy, your mind's all tired and jangled. You just don't click. You need repose. You ought to forget the market after three o'clock. You should have an *Interest*. Freddy, you really *need* a greenhouse.

"Think, Freddy if you only had one. Pottering around in it, sniffing a flower here, snipping a flower there, would give you marvelous relaxation. Why in no time you'd begin feeling Parental to the Petunias!

"But seriously, Freddy, a greenhouse would give you really keen pleasure and healthy relaxation. And you know yourself it would be a satisfaction to grow something besides collateral. If you'll buy a greenhouse I'll be awfully tempted to come over and help you with the planning and first planting. It's really very simple and easy to get everything started. And, Freddy, you get such a kick out of watching things come up.

"Why, when you've watched a plant pop up through the ground, grow up and bloom, you feel positively *intimate* with the flower you wear in your lapel."

To all of that may I (Freddy) add: She (The Lady) sent me "Greenhouses as We Know Them." Have a notion it's the informant you seek. Lord & Burnham are generous with them.

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FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, FEBRUARY 4

FIRST COLLECTIONS LEAVE NO DOUBT ABOUT WOMEN'S FIGURES. HIPS, TIGHT WAIST, AND CURVED BACKS WELL ANNOUNCED. SUMMER CLOTHES SHOW PLENTY OF BARE ARMS BUT NOT A KNEE VISIBLE. REGNY'S FLAG-PRINTED LINEN JACKET, TALBOT'S ELBOW-LENGTH SLEEVES AND HOODED JACKETS, ROUFF'S LONG-SLEEVED BACKLESS DINNER DRESS, AND GROULT'S BALLET-WIDTH SKIRT GET MOST ATTENTION. WATCH FOR MODELS FROM THE NEW HOUSE OF MAGGY ROUFF. FIRST SHOWING LISTS THEM AS BIG SHOTS. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THE tangible evidences of all this information will not be apparent until some time after this appears before your glistening eyes, but, put down baldly in black and white like that, it doesn't sound so significant to me. Figures have definitely been slated for a revival for some time past. Talbot introduced elbow-length sleeves a couple of seasons ago and found herself snubbed by American women, who like their sleeves long or lacking entirely. This time she may put her idea over, but here is the little prophet who doubts it. Time only will tell the story, and I will apologize handsomely if I am wrong after all.

IN the meanwhile, the shops are concentrating on between-season dresses and ensembles that are suitable either for wear now under your winter coat or all by themselves with a fur in the springtime. If you must bridge the awful gap between now and the arrival of the Paris commands for spring, you might do very well by going to Saks-Fifth Avenue.

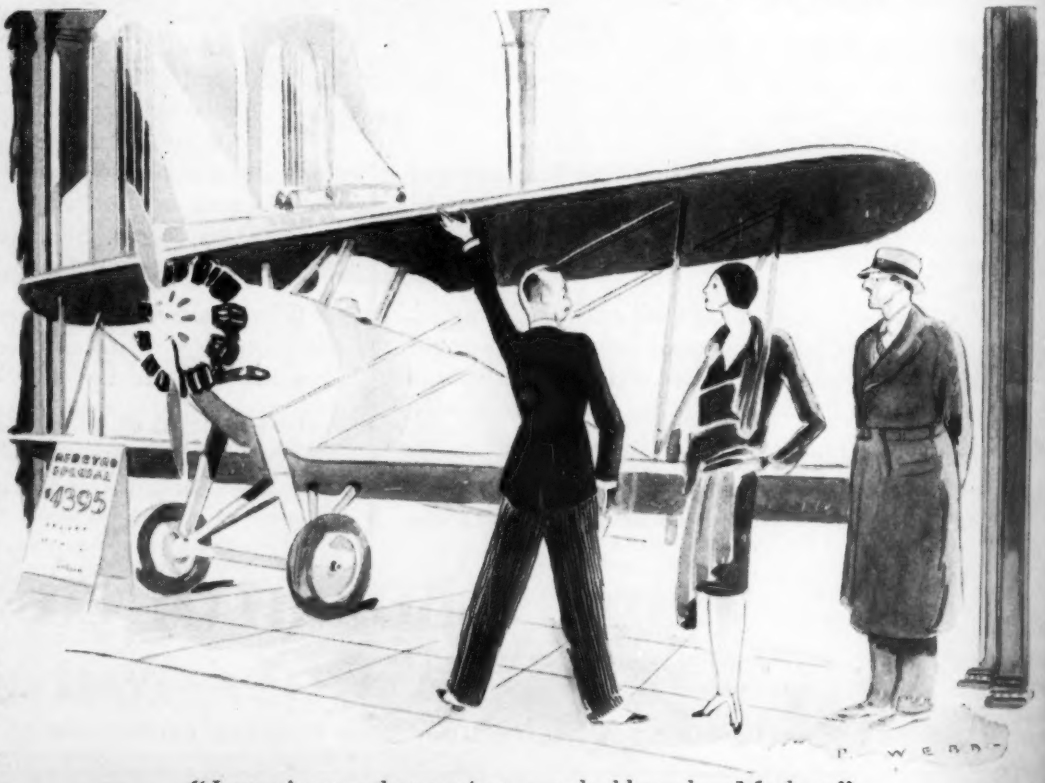
Here, in particular, they are doing great things with the tailored suit that has a casual and offhand air. You can find that rough-tweed jacket suit, with an orange jersey scarf and blouse adorned with a tweed flower, such as Katherine Alexander wore in "Little Accident." You can find two-piece suits in checks, one in particular having a blouse of a pink-beige linen-knit wool. They are making a great to-do about blouses to accompany ensembles, with the blouse either entirely darker than the body of the suit or darker only in detail. A beige tweed costume with a beige crêpe blouse decorated with a black tie and black detail on the yoke is a very good example of this. There is a beige tweed coat, collarless and done on yoke lines, that has a cascade of beige crêpe down the back to match the dress worn beneath it.

To accompany all dresses of whatever type, Saks-Fifth Avenue has developed a group of fabric bags. Practically any materials you desire—prim checked ginghams for summer, crêpe de Chines or satins for afternoon and evening, and tailored tweed or jersey bags for sportsman-like daytimes—are to be found there.

While you are about the place, remember yoke coats for springtime that may be worn either hanging straight from the shoulders or wrapped around in the traditional way; remember your orange colorings, if they are becoming to you; and watch the tendency to use light colors in springtime coats, often with dresses of a darker shade beneath. Also look long and hard at a two-piece Paquin crêpe dress, with the jumper buttoning on the top two buttons of the skirt in one of those simple yet intricate ways M. Paquin takes such delight in.

AROUND the end of February, Harry Lichtenstein will take charge of a new customs-order department at Jay Thorpe, and is already moving his entire staff into the building for that purpose. That is, his entire staff is moving itself, for Mr. Lichtenstein is at present in Paris, looking over the collections with a particular eye for the needs of smart and discriminating patrons.

AVERY grand hat to wear during these mid-season days is a toque of grosgrain belting that Kurzman will make up in any color you happen to



"Just picture that against a pale blue sky, Madam."

The Butler Shifts the Scenes on one of these Harlequin China Sets

Scene I. The dining room of a Lordly Tenement near Dr. Fosdick's Church. A roof apartment — splendid place to jump from and an even sweller place to live. Places for ten. An imposing decor, Royal Worcester place plates and associated Ovington silver and crystal.

Intrant omnes. They are seated. Conversation flies about in which neither they nor we are interested. But here comes Crichton, resplendent in livery. What's he up to! On top of that magenta bordered, gold-laced service plate he deliberately lays a soup cup banded in green! Exit.

The eyes of the guests are raised a bit in wonder. The hostess tries not to look concerned. Curtain.

Scene 2. On the magenta gold-laced place plates repose fish plates by Lenox—a piscatorial pattern echoing the magenta note. The shadroe follows. Three feminine eyebrows rise, two right and one left. Curtain.

Scene 3. The magnificent place plates have gone, to the limbo of the pantry. With a rush the color scheme changes. Before each guest, Crichton puts a dinner plate by Minton, shallow, deeply gold encrusted and bordered in dark blue! One gasp. Two bulging eyes. The hostess contains herself with difficulty. Curtain.

Scene 4. Salad. An air of expectancy—What! The plates are scarcely visible in Crichton's hands. Crystal, etched to match the glasses. Hushed silence. Curtain.

Scene 5. Even her husband is excited. His hand shakes visibly as he touches the dessert plate. For it is Doulton—square, gold-edged and hand painted with an English garden scene! The coffee cups match. Then polite pandemonium breaks loose. To one and all the hostess passes it off—"Yes, they are lovely. I got them at Ovington's."

A new idea in china! Resolve glints in three women's eyes. *Exeunt omnes*, pardonably late for the opera. Costumes by rue de la Paix and Savile Row. China by Ovington's.

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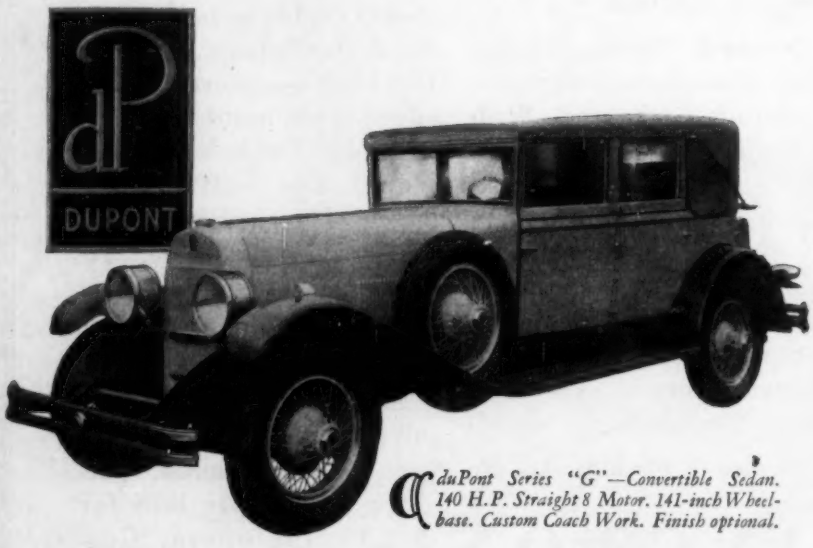

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crave. You might even buy a crêpe coat-dress from Saks with a wide collar of grosgrain to match it, or buy the hat to match the dress, if you shop in that sane way. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

For Limited Incomes— Needles and Shears

IF you are going into an orgy of scarves, I suggest a trip with an earth-inductor compass to the first floor of R. H. Macy. In two or three tones of crêpe, in lovely colors, you can find Alphonsine's narrow scarf with the two circular ends; adorable collar arrangements that tie in front, from Reboux and Patou and others, to dress up that old black crêpe that never did fit very well across the shoulders anyway; huge squares of tuslikasha from Massa Rodier, diagonal-striped scarves, scarves with the stripes applied lengthwise, semicircular scarves in Rodier's new manner, and vestees of crêpe in two tones with scarves to match. They are priced from $2.97 up (not very far up) and the person who cannot be suited probably doesn't like scarves anyhow.

ALSO, I was enamoured of the new collection of French hats to be seen here, that will be copied on your fastidious head in the colors and fabrics you desire for an amazingly moderate price in the French salon (second floor, Broadway side). There is a large collection of small hats, fitting the head like a skull cap and adorned with odd irregular treatments at the sides to make them becoming to faces that ordinarily do not dare this type. Marcelle Lely's collection is worth shouting for. One cap of felt, sticking out slightly in an uneven fashion, with an inserted band dipping down over the right eyebrow, is her creation. There are hats of felt and baku combined; one small toque by Colette Goupy of that rough mixed straw that is so chic with tweeds, made up to match your favorite suit; a Florence Walton tricorne for slim women with perfect features; Talbot's version of the Dutch cap in rough straw that can be crushed like a handkerchief; another Talbot with a grosgrain band across the forehead and a contrasting beret top of rough crushable straw

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Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein's Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

The Perfect Foundation

Water Lily Foundation. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00, 3.50. Sun-Tan Foundation lends a captivating golden glow. 2.50, 4.00.

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Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

The Smartest Vanities

Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes

with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

The Fastidious Woman's Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with the youth-renewing Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream, 2.50. Rejuvenate the face and eyes with Valaze Extrait—a benediction to fatigued faces, 2.50, 5.00. Then wake the tissues with the youthifying stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte, 3.00, 5.00, and apply Valaze Emailline, 1.75, 3.50, the bracing astringent cream. For dry skin, use Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros), 1.75, 3.50, instead of Emailline. Firm the facial contours with Valaze Georgine Lactee, 3.00, 6.00, the unique muscle tightener. Complete treatment—with full instructions—a two months' supply 12.75.

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Helena Rubinstein invites you to visit her Salon for diagnosis and advice on your home-treatments. Or write describing your skin and hair and a treatment schedule will be prepared specially for you.

The New York and Chicago Salons offer, in addition to specialized treatments for the skin, hands and eyes, a complete hair service—the ultimate in scientific scalp treatments, and individual hairdressing.

for the piquant girl-about-town; numbers of hats of baku or felt or a combination of both in very chic matron style; a Patou medium-sized hat in beige baku, with a box-pleated brim; and grand medium-sized hats by Lely with oddities and irregularities in the way the brim is handled that defy description. Many of the small hats are short in back to expose the hairline or are waiting patiently for that curled-up fringe of growing hair to complete them.

Though I have no first-hand experience with the made-on-the-head department, I will probably have it for you in a week or two. I was that enraptured.

THERE is no question in my mind that the woman of really limited income and unlimited good taste can dress far better with the aid of a skillful needle, a pair of scissors, and a length of goods than by haunting the very inexpensive shops in the hope that the ideal thing will miraculously turn up ready-made when she needs it. The only trouble is finding one of those clever little dressmakers you hear about—when even your best friend guards the name and telephone number of her discovery so jealously that it is almost impossible to learn the treasure's whereabouts. Once she is found, however, you are in clover, for fabrics have never been so lovely.

AT Altman you will find a superb assortment of materials. This store is by tradition a home of marvellous fabrics, and the new ones that have recently come in for spring and summer easily uphold its prestige. You can find anything, from convincing fake leopard-skin—for decorating that casual Adirondack camp at small expense—to an excellent new printed net. The latter is inexpensive, the prints are good, it is exclusive with Altman, and would be utterly divine for an elaborate afternoon or formal summer evening gown.

There are new woollens from Rodier and others. Lightweight tweeds in tiny all-over patterns; tuslikasha, either plain or patterned; coat lengths of kasha designed by Rodier with block-like patterns towards the hem—difficult to make up without achieving a suburban look, but grand if you are sure of your own taste. There is also a marvellous new tweed—every possible color of the rainbow woven together in a rough, casual pattern,

When Hearts Are Trumps

The Valentine gift always carries a special meaning that can be expressed only by a treasure as exquisite as the sentiment that prompts it. The superb bonbonnières that encase Chocolats Verlaine—from the simple satin heart to the regal Capo de Monte, or Lalique etched glass—will be kept and treasured long after the day that brought them has passed.

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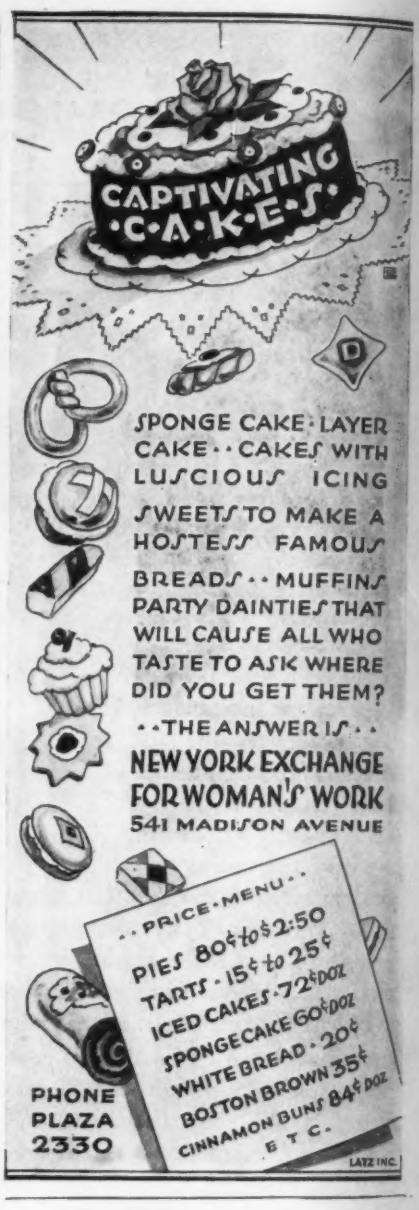
771 Fifth Avenue
Savoy-Plaza Hotel

Verlaine
Chocolats Distingués
FOUR·DOLLARS·the·POUND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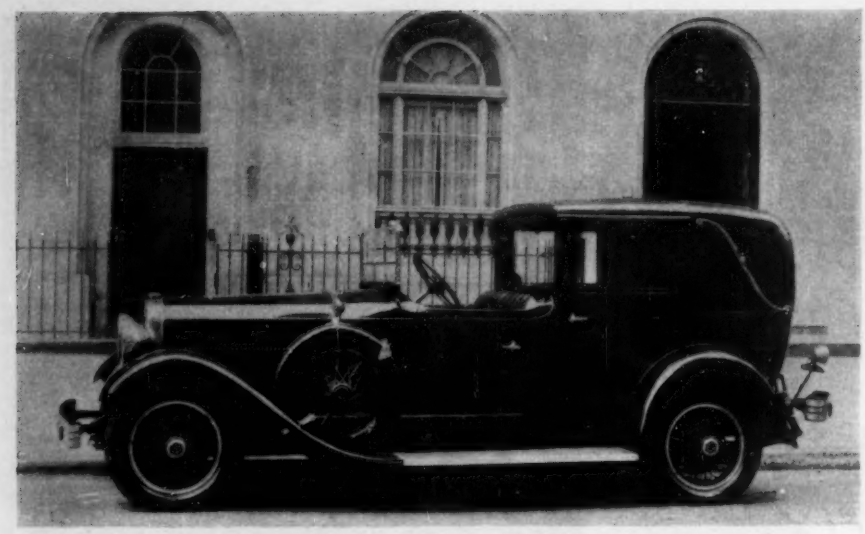

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with little blobs of solid color here and there, as though by accident, to give a variety. It is particularly appropriate for that tweed coat or two-piece suit you happened to crave, which, in a tweed of this type, would cost vast sums ready-made.

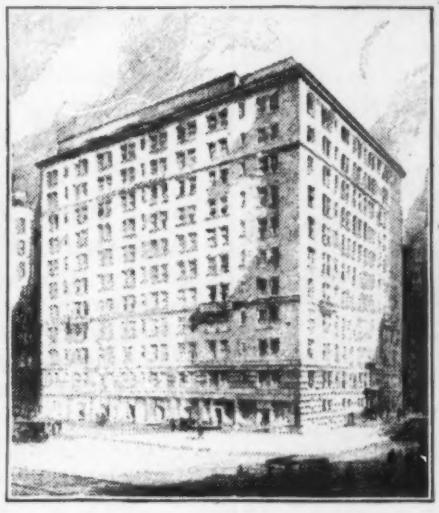
There are lovely new handkerchief linens imported from France and from Ireland. . . . Heavy Irish linen, either plain in every possible color or printed, the most beguiling having a small checked-linoleum pattern in white and a color. . . . Dainty English lawns for children's clothes. . . . A vast assortment of cotton crêpe and rayon combinations, very substantial in appearance, with designs woven in to achieve the effect of print or embroidery. You are safest with M. Rodier's beige version of this. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

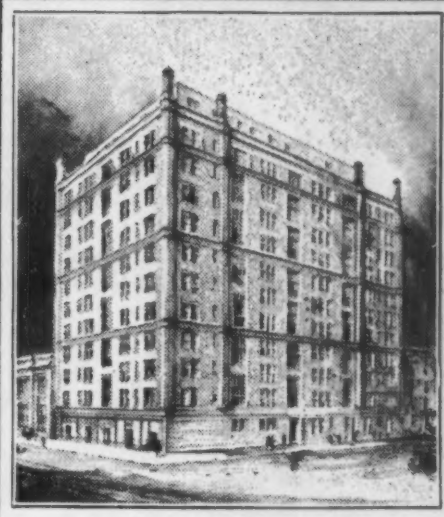
Light Luggage—Everything but the Parachute

AROUND an airport there are usually several men impressively buckled up in leather suits. They are not apt to be famous transatlantic fliers; more than likely they are motorcyclists. The pilots of the big commercial planes wear ordinary clothes, and the passengers dress exactly as they would for a trip by train or bus.

When travelling by air, luggage is the thing to consider. If it is heavy, it will add greatly to the cost of your trip. For instance, the New York-Washington Air Line allows each passenger to take twenty-five pounds of luggage free, and charges fifty cents for each pound over that amount. With this in mind, several concerns have brought out suitcases designed specially for air travel, most of which are made of fabric or thin leather on sturdy basswood frames. Altman has one of the lightest we've seen—the Migrator—a small wardrobe case covered in natural linen with a small red stripe. Short and rather deep, it accommodates one suit, several shirts, and an extra pair of shoes. This store also carries the Wheary Wardrolette, covered in Fabrikoid and equipped with hangers for three suits. Arthur Gilmore, 16 East Fifty-second Street, has reduced the weight of a twenty-



944-952 Madison Ave.
Southwest corner 75th St.



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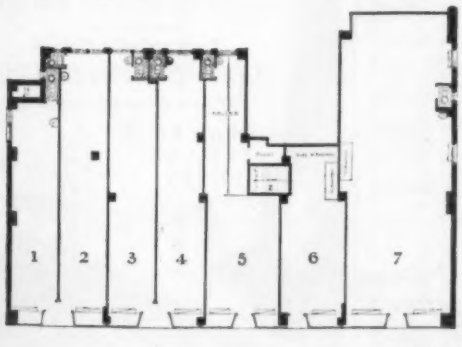
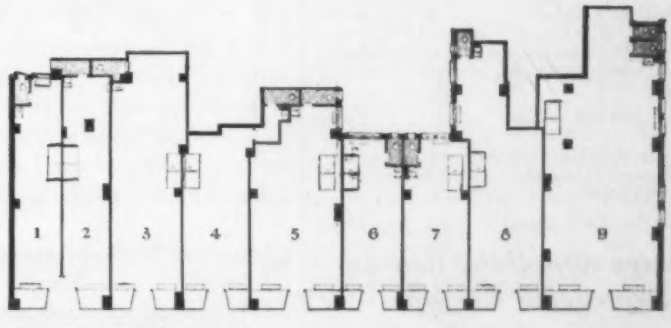
THE first principle of good retailing is good location . . . and the second, low rent. These two groups of shops answer both. Located in the midst of the busy mid-east side shopping zones, they offer an opportunity to the retailer who serves the residents of this prosperous district.

The shops themselves . . . one group on Madison Avenue and the other on Lexington Avenue, are as distinguished from the other shops in the neighborhood and outstanding in extra facilities as the apartment buildings of which they are a part.

Higher ceilings — more spacious basements — attractive ornamental store fronts — direct house telephone connection with each apartment . . . shops like these are exceptional.





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STORE No. 7	13′-0″ x 34′-5″
STORE No. 8	14′-6″ x 53′-8″
STORE No. 9	23′-3″ x 60′-9″

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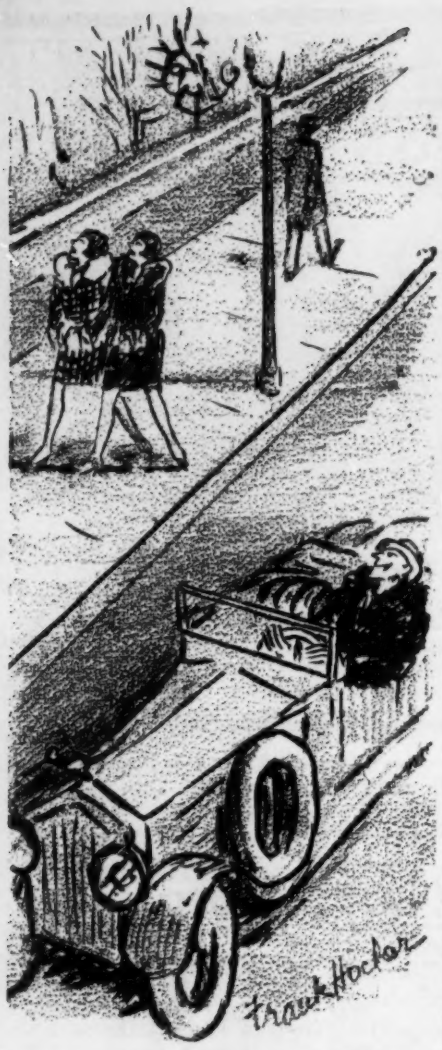

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"I'll Get By"—Voice with Guitar. Nick Lucas, "The Crooning Troubadour"

"How About Me?" 4156

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four-inch case, with room for two suits, to seven and three-quarter pounds. He has several sizes in stock, covered in pigskin or russet calf, and of course is always ready to make them to individual specifications. Saks-Fifth Avenue recommends the Hartmann Debonair, which has three hangers and two compartments whose covers have zipper fastenings—in pigskin, black cobra, or alligator. Abercrombie & Fitch has an Air-Light wardrobe case with a tray and a front that can be removed without disturbing the rest of the clothes.

FLYING in planes with open cockpits is quite another matter, especially in this weather. If you are that intrepid, you can't do better than follow the example of the air-mail pilots who wear flying suits lined with sheepskin or heavy wool, sheepskin-lined moccasins over their shoes, and gauntlet gloves that fasten snugly around the forearm. In mild weather, when most amateurs do their flying, all that is needed is a windbreaker, a helmet, and a pair of goggles. See that your helmet fits tightly around your forehead and cheeks so that no air can get in, and be sure there are no loose strap ends to flap around and drive you crazy. A student needs a helmet with a speaking-tube arrangement to allow him to communicate with his instructor. One type Spalding sells has detachable ear pieces, so that the helmet can be used later in the ordinary fashion.

THE best goggles we have found are those with rubber-tubing eye-caps to keep out the wind. Meyrowitz U. S. Air Service No. 7 and the Seesall goggles carried by Spalding are fitted in this manner. We do not recommend the combination face mask and helmet. To be any good at all, it must be made carefully to follow the shape of your head and face, and even then there is danger of the lenses becoming clouded by the wearer's breath.

SPALDING'S shop at 105 Nassau Street has an aviation department where many professionals get their equipment. You can be completely outfitted there and experienced men are on hand to give you reliable advice. For a general impression of the clothing and equipment being made now, the exhibit of the Air Associates, 535 Fifth Avenue, at the Aviation Show is well worth seeing. It includes suits, helmets, goggles, gloves, boots, and any number of technical gadgets.

—G. McC.

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POPULAR RECORDS

Two Ladies Lay Down the Law—Crooners—Some Hot Dance Discs

HELEN KANE and Ruth Etting contribute two uncommonly good discs to the month's output. For Victor, Miss Kane has done "Don't Be Like That" (as good as her "Weakness" air) coupled with "Me and the Man in the Moon;" Miss Etting records two rollicking ballads, "I'm Bringing a Red, Red Rose" and "Love Me or Leave Me" for Columbia. Collectors of croons will like the Brunswick recording by Nick Lucas of "My Tonia" and "The Song I Love." Frank Crumit's modern version of "A Gay Caballero" and his setting of "I Learned About Women From Her" are now available on the Victor list, and this should be good news for all of you.

THE dance records are still mixing heat and harmony.

RHYTHM KING and LOUISIANA—Bix Beiderbecke and his Gang. Very hot, with wonderful "breaks." *(Okeh)*

FRESHMAN HOP and A BAG OF BLUES—Jack Pettis and his Pets. Also hot, but in a more euphonious style. Fine sax and trumpet passages. (*Victor*)

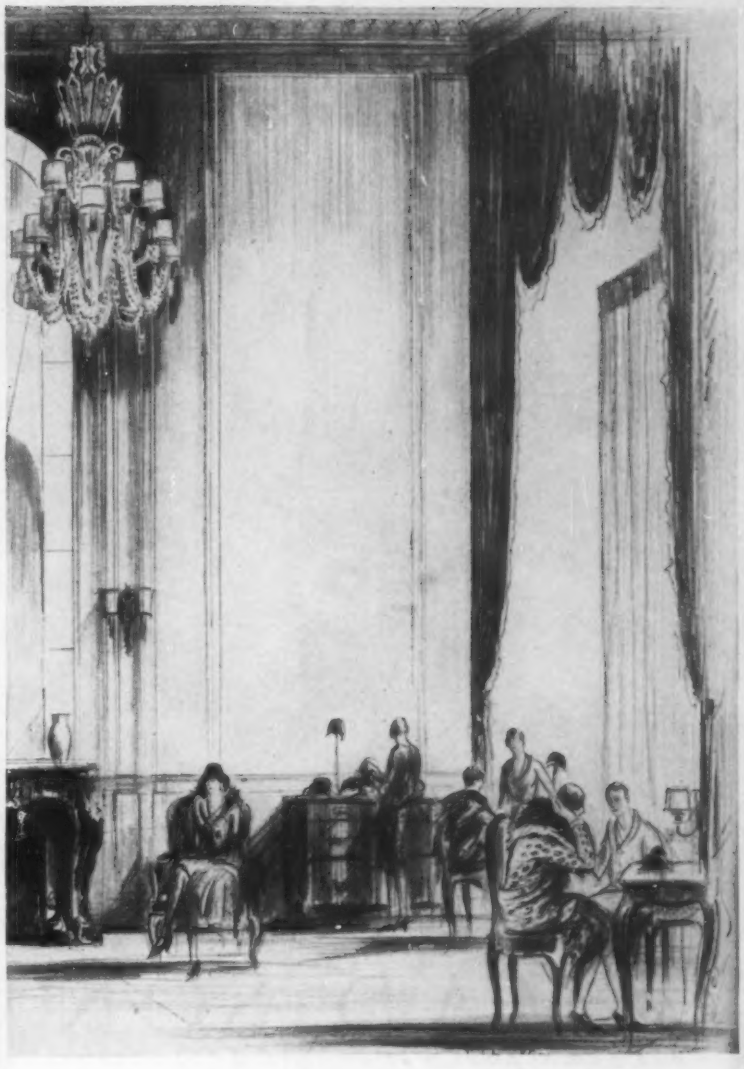
LET'S DO IT and JAPANESE MAMMY—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. Great—especially "Let's Do It." (*Columbia*)

GYPSY and MY TROUBLES ARE OVER—Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. Interesting harmonizations and scorings but still good dance records. (*Brunswick*)

SWALLOWS FROM AUSTRIA and VIENNESE BON-BONS—Edith Lorand and her Orchestra. The genuine Johann Strauss, for dancing. (*Odeon*)

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP (Edwin J. McEnnelly's Orchestra) and I'LL GET BY (Irving Aaronson's Commanders). Brisk foxtrots. The vocal chorus in "I'll Get By" is the year's best, so far. (*Victor*)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW and DANCE, LITTLE LADY—Ben Selvin's Orchestra. Charming and vivacious



THE SHADE MOTIF IN SPRING HATS

Hats that are the epitome of Spring grace. A light Bangkok straw artfully sprouting wheat and cornflowers, or a single gorgeous flower . . . Wide shady Leghorns, an advance hint on the new oval brim to be worn at Antibes and Cairo . . . An irresistible Balli straw immortalized with flat bands of printed calico . . . Delicately colored felts for town with close, facile trimmings, à la Reboux. These hats are designed for the woman who habitually looks at Spring from beneath a hat as freshly creative as the season itself.

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versions of these "This Year of Grace" notes. (*Columbia*)

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—POP

•

MAMMY!

WHEN I started south, I wasn't particularly worried. But my friends were.

"Listen," they said. "You'll never get by down there. It will be just like when Americans go to England. Those Southerners play banjos and wear long-tailed coats and they talk in dialect. They won't even understand you. Didn't you ever hear Bert Williams?"

"Yes," I said defiantly, "I *have* heard Bert Williams. And Al Jolson too."

"What has that got to do with it?" they asked. "He's Jewish."

"So," I retorted, rather neatly, "is Octavus Roy Cohen."

"Now, that's where you are wrong," said they, or rather he, for by this time my little group of auditors had narrowed itself down to one. "Because I have a friend who used to know him and he says his name is Oscar Engelbert Johanssen!"

Well, I saw that we were not getting anywhere with this kind of an argument, so I sprang what was literally a bombshell in their midst. "Do you really think," I asked, assuming a pitying smile, "that I haven't considered all that?" I paused for effect. "I,"—I drew myself to my full height—"I am learning the Southern accent."

WELL, after that they had nothing to say; but then, as far as that goes, neither did the Southerners. Take, just for instance, what happened to me in Natchez. Hardly had I landed there before I ran into a big black buck, strolling down the street. I saw my chance.

"Hiyah, yo bleck reskil," I hailed him, pitching my voice to a mellow, throaty drawl. "Whah yall gwine gwine?"

"I beg your pardon?" he replied.

"Ah sade," I repeated, "de mos thing Ah is wantin' is tuh diskiver whah-all de Mainshun House Hotail is a-locatid et, an' ef yall is a-gwine in thet dee-reckshun, Ah'd be raight smaht obleeged ef yall ud. . . ." I paused, for an expression of bewilder-

ment had crossed his otherwise placid features.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I haven't the slightest idea what you mean."

"Well!" I thought, and then I decided I had better let the whole matter drop. So, with a slight bow, I passed on. But the Coateses are a stern, indomitable race. Later, as I scanned the menu at a restaurant, I tried again.

"Honeh," I said, looking up with a winning smile at the trim waitress. "Mah mooth is jes a-waterin' foh some sugah-cain. Some sugah-cain, an' some fried yams an' chicken, an' a pow'ful big slab uh cawn-braid. Thet," I said, "is whut Ah'm a-honin' foh, an' nothin' else but!"

WELL, as I remember, what the meal finally consisted of was Boston baked beans and Little Neck clams and Philadelphia pepper-pot and some asparagus that must have come at least from Labrador. And I suppose there is no use giving you any more examples of what happened on my trip, because they were all the same.

The truth is, these Southerners don't understand their own language any more. And as for local color—you might just as well be in Grand Rapids. All the way down the Mississippi I didn't see a single darky dancing on the levee. And as far as these Kentucky Colonels go—well, they've simply disappeared. Maybe it is the influence of the radio.

Anyway, the question I would like to bring up is: can't something be done about it? To my mind, the fault lies squarely at the door of the public schools. If these people don't know the right way to talk, the only thing is to teach them. It might come hard at first, but we could soon have them saying "Suh" and "Ah raikin" almost as well as our own character actors do.

Otherwise, it looks pretty bad for the songwriters.

—Robert M. Coates

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Adv. on the cover of the Cosmopolitan*]

This Madness, by Theodore Dreiser. The first honest novel about love ever written.

May we personally award honorable mention to one or two other writers who have done creditable work along that line?

"Broad-jumper's Pants" . . .

because he wouldn't take a Trunk

AFTER all these years—think of it—still a suitcase addict! O me, o my! And not even a best friend to tell him! Perhaps you, too, have weathered the withering eyes of the Hotel Porch Brigade...the doughty dowagers who never miss a trick—who spot the suitcase customers by their baggy, wrinkled wardrobe.

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The cuisine, supplied from our own farms, is memorable. Social life is distinctive yet unassuming.

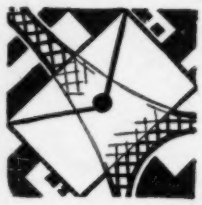
Ask your physician about the Glen Springs as a rest and health tonic—as well as in cases of heart, circulatory, kidney, nutritional and nervous disorders, rheumatism, gout and obesity. And send for the story of this famous rest-resort, together with medical and guest rates. Address William M. Leffingwell, Pres., Watkins Glen, N. Y.

GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, January 31



HARRY LEHR'S recent death passed unnoticed in the Parisian papers. Though an expatriate in France for almost a quarter of a century, he lived out all those years as a New York legend. *Faubourg* society, recollecting the classical elegance of Bourbon orgies and the more recent superb pageantry of Boni de Castellane, remained unmoved by the tradition of a dinner that honored a monkey in the distant wilds of Manhattan millionaires. Mr. Lehr's wit was unfortunately untranslatable; in Paris it fell on the ears of aristocrats familiar only with the king's, not the colonial's, English.

Lately he lived in a superb eighteenth-century private hotel in the Rue des Saints-Pères, whose park was illuminated at dinner parties by a pair of theatrical spotlights, operated by liveried servants, which relieved guests of the necessity of appreciating the shrubbery on foot. Mr. Lehr passed his time in a routine that consisted of alternating isolation and tea parties. He had matured in Baltimore at a period when buggies were the rage. Though vehicles altered, he did not change, and in Paris rounded out his life by starting each afternoon in his wife's limousine for what, to the end, he called his "buggy-ride in the Bois."

For more than a decade one of the most familiar luncheon figures at the Ritz, his recently slender personal finances no longer warranted an expenditure for what was still the breath of life to him—observation and conversation in a smart public place. An emissary of his family was therefore dispatched to warn Ollivier, the maître-d'hôtel at the Ritz. The reply remains the most gracious personal tribute to Mr. Lehr's many years abroad. "Monsieur Lehr," said Ollivier, "will continue to be, as he always has been, welcome at the Ritz, where I shall be honored, in the future, if he would consider himself as my guest. Please inform Monsieur Lehr that his favorite table by the window will be reserved for him tomorrow, as usual."

WE arrive again at our annual literary budget, compiled from our annual authority, Mr. Aspenwell

THE AFTER-THEATRE LOW-DOWN

THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS IN "ANIMAL CRACKERS"

Of, by, and for, the Marx Brothers, at the 44th Street Theatre, where Mr. Chandler poses as a Wall Street Financier, but—

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AFTER THE THEATRE
EAST OF BROADWAY
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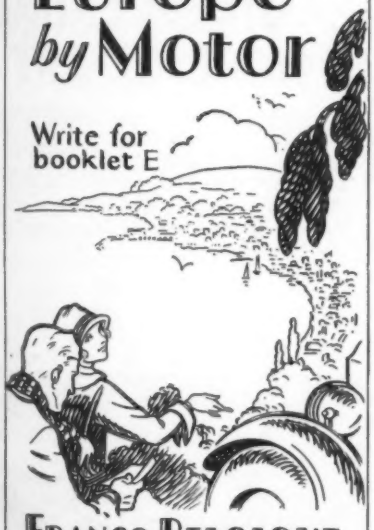

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SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Bradley, leading agent and prophet here on transatlantic affairs. What you will continue to read in abundance during the spring months will be what you have clamored for in quantity in the past—biography. Among the fictional novelties you may expect will be all the works of Weyer, last month's Goncourt winner. The project for translating his books has been considered for years, and up till now frequently and justly abandoned. Mauriac's "La Chair et le Sang" will be another and a better item, along with the popular Julian Greene's "Leviathan." Two works by Chamson, one of the few Protestant and many second-rate French writers, will be included in the spring lists—"Massif Central" and "Les Hommes de la Route." Blaise Cendrar's "Little Negro Stories for White Children," a charming work for old or young humorous minds, will be a better contribution to your libraries.

As a final item referring to cross-channel, rather than to transatlantic literary news, it may be interesting to know that Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness," though banned in England and under fire in New York, has escaped condemnation in France, where it now enjoys a local printing. Its biggest daily sale takes place from the news-vendor's cart serving the de luxe train for London, La Flèche d'Or, at the Gare du Nord. The price is one hundred and twenty-five francs a copy. For first English editions, dealers in the Rue de Castiglione offer to buy for as high as six thousand francs, and to sell at as high as anything you are silly enough to pay.

MONTE CARLO's new three and one-third acres of tennis courts, part of its recent renovation, are now awaiting the arrival of Junior Coen, John Van Ryn, and others left from the Cannes Métropole Tourney, to take part in the annual Butler Trophy play. These twenty-one courts are an engineering freak and feat. They are constructed in three tiers on a grade sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees to the sea. In the clubhouse is a special private room for visiting sovereigns who wish to see matches incognito before officially going to the gaming-tables.

AS an echo of the interest in squash in New York comes the new amalgamation in Paris of the Squash Racquets Association and the

When Doctors Agree

WINTER weather is never kind, but it bears hardest of all on those of advancing years. Insurance statistics show the late winter months to be the most dangerous season of the year.

We don't believe in health fads. But when 96% of the 1400 physicians replying to our inquiry agree in favoring ocean travel as an aid to health, we feel that here at last is medicine you can enjoy.

For busy men and women past the age of forty-five, these doctors find a winter vacation especially valuable. It protects you against the dangers of the late winter months which insurance companies have learned to fear. And it isn't nearly so costly as many people will imagine.

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Three delightful cruises of varying lengths—11 to 17 days' duration. Vivid sightseeing, recreation, rest, *change*. Just the trip for the busy person's holiday. Sail from New York on the great Red Star liner ***Lapland,*** the ship with the club-like atmosphere. High spots of interest—gay Havana, Bermuda (at Easter), Jamaica, Porto Rico, and Nassau. Choose your trip and go.

Sailings February 25, March 16 and April 6

MEDITERRANEAN

Avoid winter colds and lowered vitality. Seek summer in warm lands that skirt the Mediterranean—on glorious cruising liners of the White Star fleet, ***Adriatic*** and ***Laurentic.*** 12,000 miles—11 fascinating countries—Madeira to the Holy Land. Five days in Egypt. Ship to ship stopovers arranged. De Luxe accommodations, $695 (up). TOURIST Third Cabin, $395, both including complete shore program.

S. S. Adriatic FEBRUARY 28 § ***S. S. Laurentic*** MARCH 9

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Now another 18-hole course is being built, soon to be opened.

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old Jeu de Paume. Since the war, the latter had been threatened with extinction. One of its two courts was being rented for a garage when Francis Roche, American banker and player here, interfered. His interference has resulted in the two clubs' amalgamation, four new squash courts (a quarter of a million francs' worth, of which half was given by Mr. Roche), and a new roster of three hundred members, including the Prince of Wales and Prince George.

ALL the radio fans have been disturbed. For the past fortnight listening in has been practically impossible over a vast area, including Paris and northern France, owing to the alteration of the wave length used by the powerful station in the Tour Eiffel. Its former length of 2,650 metres was found to interfere with ships' messages. As a result of the recent unprecedentedly severe storms the French Post Office, which has the sky in charge, and the International Wireless Commission, which is upset over the constantly increasing crowding of the air, have just re-distributed wave lengths among the various European stations. Unfortunately, the Tour Eiffel's new length of 1,485 metres interfered not only with local receiving from Radio-France, Daventry, and Königswusterhausen but even from the Tour itself. A third and even shorter wave length was then allotted, but caused a row in the Air Ministry, since it interfered with the government's reception of messages from its army planes. Finally, the Tour has been given a different hour: its program now stops at 9 P.M.—before half the people who own radios are home from the restaurants. The situation looks black.

A REVIVAL of Maurice Donnay's "Le Retour de Jérusalem" has been given at the Théâtre Porte Saint-Martin. Twenty-five years ago, when the Dreyfus case was beginning to subside, feeling still ran so high that scenes in the play were cut by government orders. Today, the plot of the Semitic heroine and Gentile hero seems innocuous. Paris is about ready for what would probably be titled in translation, "La Rose Irlandaise de Monsieur Abie." —GENÊT

•

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OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—I

SINCE they last played bridge together, North, East, South, and West have occupied their idle hours by conscientious study of the literary products of Messrs. Work, Whitehead, Lenz, et al., with an effect on their playing methods which will be readily apparent to the discerning reader.

NORTH
♠–A-10-6-3
♡–J-7-3
◇–Q-9-6
♣–K-7-4

WEST	EAST
♠–J-7-2	♠–K-9-4
♡–Q-6-2	♡–A-10-8-4
◇–K-7-5	◇–J-8-3
♣–A-10-8-2	♣–Q-6-3

SOUTH
♠–Q-8-5
♡–K-9-5
◇–A-10-4-2
♣–J-9-5

West deals, and nonchalantly lights a cigarette before examining his hand. A few months ago he would have slammed it down with a muttered curse at its failure to contain a six-card suit, but now he wisely knows that much can be done by experts with a merely so-so hand. Applying his newly and dearly earned knowledge of original bids, he figures that he has four probable tricks in a club bid and that he can expect three tricks in his partner's hand. So he bids one club. He forgets Mr. Whitehead's injunction not to risk a suit bid without two quick tricks (as explained in Chapter III), but one can't remember everything.

North ponders in the usual way and at last bids one spade, his mental processes and lapses being much the same as those of his opponent on the right. East has been studying particularly take-out bids, and he says, "One heart." Upon being taken to task for his insufficient bid, he hurriedly but not too happily makes it two hearts, and the others let it stand. South passes after vainly trying to recall some rule to cover the situation. West, too, is now out of his depth. (He never saw so

Dorothy Gray

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"and the greatest of these

is love," said the clever cinema customer as he pensively valentined. but nowhere is it greater, bigger, newer, or better, than as currently depicted on the glowing screens of

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where

one may hear "the doctor's secret" . . . it's not what you think, dearie, but still it's exciting . . . a paramount talking picture with ruth chatterton, h. b. warner and other support . . . theatrically speaking, of course

and

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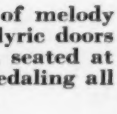
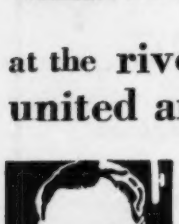
and

the golden gates of melody swing wide their lyric doors as jesse crawford, seated at the organ, goes pedaling all over god's heaven.

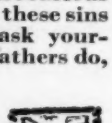
at the rivoli— united artists





in paramount's newest vehicle "sins of the fathers" triumphantly rides emil jannings . . . and if you are curious as to what these sins are, just ask yourself what fathers do, anyway.

at the rialto



george bancroft in "the wolf of wall street," a paramount talking picture, bulls the boys about a bit, while baclanova underwrites a new issue

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

much bidding going on at once. Three suits! Golly!) He passes with a troubled sigh, wondering if it isn't true after all that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. North, however, has been using those old eyes and has seen the look of doubt rather than misgiving on South's face. Going back to first principles and taking this to indicate some strength, North bids two spades, and all pass with more than a trace of eagerness.

East, with that adherence to convention for which one can rarely depend upon him, leads the highest card of his partner's suit, the queen of clubs. The five is played from dummy. West lets the queen go through, hoping his partner will understand that he is not finessing, which East audibly doesn't. North takes the trick with his king, his pleasure somewhat overshadowed by apprehension over the trump situation—only seven in his combined hands. He starts out bravely to conserve them, leading the queen of diamonds with the intention of finessing. East plays the three, dummy the deuce, and West smacks on the king. North groans.

West leads his queen of hearts, cheerfully conscious of duty well done in leading the highest card of his partner's suit, only to snap out of it with a start at the sight of the king in plain view in the dummy. "Board's a play!" declares North unfeelingly, playing his own three. East, however, wants the trick for some reason—he's not quite sure himself—and tops his partner's queen with his ace. Dummy throws a little one. East now surprises the onlookers by leading the three of clubs, squeezing dummy's jack under West's ace, and setting up West's ten for the next trick, which the latter also takes. North begins to wonder.

West is now up against it for a lead. After a long, aching period of mental flip-flopping, he leads the five of diamonds, which permits North to top East's jack with his ace in dummy. Pressing his advantage, North leads his ten of diamonds from dummy, and thus makes the trick good and himself confident. Flushed with success, North leads the nine of hearts from dummy, taking the trick with his own jack, then leading back with the seven of the same suit. The king of hearts in dummy snares this one.

North looks fondly at his trumps. Last year, he muses, he would have played them out first; now he has them all. That's what a little study will do. North is cocky enough to attempt a wide-open finesse. He leads the five of spades from dummy. West plays his two, and North, with a leer, his ten, but East slaps on his king and lands the trick. East now plays the ten of hearts, North smugly throwing off the four of diamonds from dummy. West flips out his jack of trumps, forcing North's ace. Again North is worried, but he leads his six of spades with an air of confidence which, though poorly simulated, is effective in causing East to cover with his nine. North triumphantly takes the trick with his queen from dummy, and the next one also with the eight of spades from dummy.

North makes two odd in spades, his contract, and favors his fellow players with a few remarks on the benefits to be derived from study of the fine points of bridge. It still being early in the season, before fixed scowls set in, East, South, and West smile indulgently, until West says, "What the hell did you bid two hearts on, anyway?" to his partner. Something like that always happens.

—JOHN C. EMERY

• •

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

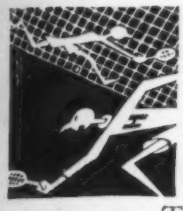
Records of the first reactions of poor legatees to unexpected wealth

LOCALE	LEGATEE	OCCUPATION	AMOUNT	FIRST REACTION
Waycross, Ga.	Bob Kelly	Printer	$250,000	Fainted.
Lahore, India	Of Quetta	Street Sweeper	$45,000	Bought a bed.
Detroit	W. H. Walker	Butcher	$6,000,000	Quit his job.
Kansas City	Walt Merchant	Window Cleaner	$150,000	Rented finest suite in a hotel.
Kermit, Tex.	T. G. Hendrick	Farmer	$5,000,000	Moved to city.
Rochester, N. Y.	Lillian Dunlap	Grocery Clerk	$40,000	"I will stay on the job."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

COURT GAMES

All Play and Little Profit —Of the Bulldog Breed



ONE by one the old guard of the courts is passing on. In 1926 Jay Gould renounced his amateur court-tennis title after a reign of twenty years. The same year Walter Kinsella retired as the world's open squash-tennis champion to confine himself to the far more lucrative and less hazardous business of coaching.

Now Jock Soutar has shelved himself. His match with Charles Williams, at the Chicago Racquets Club last Saturday, for the world's open racquets title marked his farewell appearance in championship play.

Before the first round of Soutar's farewell match, I found the bald-headed little Scotsman in his workshop, filing away on the handles of his racquets.

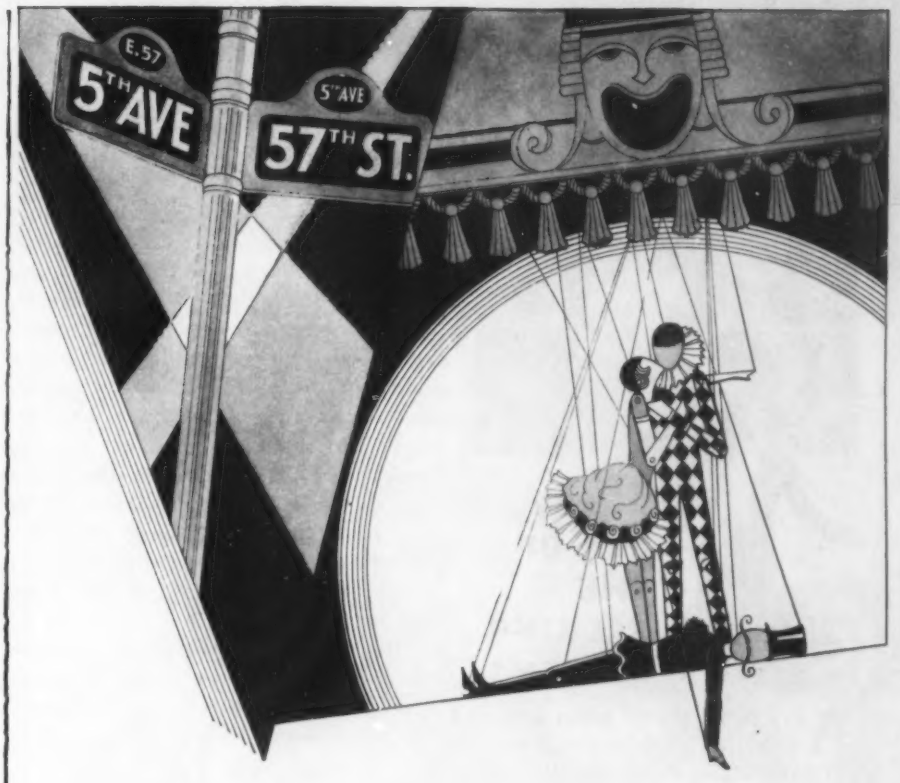
"So you're retiring, Jock?" I asked.

"If I win I am," he answered. "But it's my last championship match, anyway," he added. "There isn't enough in it. You break five hundred dollars' worth of racquets and what have you got?"

That seemed a high estimate, but I learned soon enough that Jock was being conservative. The first shot that Williams hit ruined the frame of his racquet, and in less than ten minutes of play he had broken five. During the next hour and a half, both Soutar and Williams were shattering frames right and left and bringing in armful after armful of bats, to the amusement of the gallery. It wasn't so funny for the pros, at seven dollars and a half a racquet.

WILLIAMS, who is an Englishman, is a splendid match player. He is cool and businesslike on the court, and naturally plucky. In 1912, he sailed on the ill-fated Titanic to defend his title against George Standing. For hours he floated around on a bit of wreckage before he was picked up. Then, because of the number of New Yorkers in mourning after the disaster, the Racquet Club called the match off. One would think such an experience would have cured Williams of ocean travel, but he was back again for the tournament the following year.

—A. D.



THE CRITIC APPLAUDS . . .

The final curtain recalls you to reality . . . the cold, brisk night quickens desire for an especial delicacy . . . in a dignified atmosphere where you may play the lordly role of critic to the play and menu. And though at Park & Tilford, 5th and 57th, you may decry the star...bemoan the plot...inevitable your salvos of applause for flawless service . . . and menu *par excellence.*

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5th Avenue at 57th Street

A NEW ERA OF THE TALKING SCREEN!

A NEW page has been written in the history of entertainment. Now the living motion picture screen blends drama, spectacle, music and dance into an intensely absorbing narrative of the Great White Way.

YOU have watched the first efforts of the Talking screen and have doubtless wondered what new miracle might yet unfold itself on the silversheet before your eyes. Prepare for an advancement in this wondrous art beyond anything you have imagined possible.

METRO-Goldwyn-Mayer is presenting simultaneously on the East and West Coasts of America—at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Los Angeles, and at the Astor Theatre, N. Y.—the first All Talking, All Singing, All Dancing drama of the screen!

THE BROADWAY MELODY

ASTOR

THEATRE, B'WAY & 45th ST.

Twice Daily at 2:50 — 8:50

Three Times Sun. & Hol. at 3-6-8:50

HOCKEY

Ten Minutes to Get Some Rest

THERE are peculiar moments in every sport and business, moments of waiting and strain that seem to have no place in the scheme of things. Such a time, in hockey, is the ten-minute rest between periods. For the crowd this is a conventional intermission; it is something altogether different for the players. Shut in the dressing-room, they sit uneasily and in silence on the wooden benches. The suspense of the game has somehow been withdrawn from the arena outside the door and concentrated in this small concrete room, above the bent heads of the resting men.

Before a game begins, the atmosphere in the dressing-room is much less taut. Strain exists, but lessened by anticipation. These fellows enjoy playing hockey; they get ready for it with a kind of taciturn pleasure. There is a thick roll of cotton on the rubbing-table, and each pulls out handfuls of it and carefully lines the hard curved pads that will fit over his shins. Officials come and go through the door—the scorer, to get the lineup, and a referee, still wearing his overcoat, who warns Patrick in an undertone that he has been directed to enforce a certain point of ruling. Harry Westerby, the trainer, is slicing oranges, and Goalie Roach, who has dressed fastest although he had most to put on, sits on a trunk reading a tabloid paper while Bun Cook looks over his shoulder. Suspense, disguised by a habitual control, seems far away until Coach Patrick, after a few final, staccato directions, shouts in a voice suddenly tense and high: "Come on, boys. Let's go."

IN the second intermission of the Ranger-Canadiens game last week I went back to the Rangers' dressing-room. Visitors are not particularly welcome during the rest-periods, but I wanted to find out how the team acted when it was behind. In the period just over, the Canadiens had scored, and the Rangers, who had lost to Boston the night before, had only twenty minutes left in which to make a comeback. For the first time I realized that the rest-period can be the toughest ordeal of the whole game.

Although the atmosphere of the room in that period is always different, the scene itself does not change. As you come in you see Lester Patrick. He is sitting on a wooden chair, tilted back, and the gray-felt hat on his head also slants backwards; he is smoking, and his eyes turn nervously and quickly toward anyone who moves or speaks. If any player starts a conversation, Patrick shuts him up. He wants the team to rest and the team obeys him as well as possible, sitting in various attitudes; some leaning back against the lockers, some bending forward, elbows on knees, and others straddling the bench bolt upright, held erect by some thought in their minds. Paul Thompson lies face down on the table while Westerby works on his back; Murray Murdoch taps his stick against the floor. Mur-

doch is pallid and drawn and so is Bourgault, who contracted indigestion just before the game. To Harry Westerby there is something intimate and slightly esoteric about any trouble with one's stomach, and as he hands Bourgault a box of pills, he says clearly: "Here's that medicine for your cold."

"How much time have you got, Bun?" Patrick asks Cook, who still has part of a penalty to serve.

"A minute and a quarter—no, a minute and an eighth."

Suddenly there is a knock at the door, no hesitant signal, but a firm, detonating demand. Only a man of authority, you feel, would knock that way at a time like this, and sure enough, it is the club president, Colonel Hammond, who walks in looking quizzically at the Coach. Patrick conceals whatever irritation this entry may have caused him in his worked-up state; he answers some question, and the Colonel goes out. Now the Coach begins to talk.

"Let's see if we can't tie them up," he says intensely. "Bill, keep after Joliat; Murray, you watch Mantha. Check back like hell."

"We'll get them, all right. We can just forget that last period," says Frank Boucher quietly, pulling on his glove, for just then a piercing whistle-blow in the corridor has let everyone know that the last period is about to start.

—N. B., Jr.

•

Simon Drucker, the landlord, said he had known Panebaker seven years. He could give no further reason for his friend's suicide.—*The American.*

A short and simple story, that.

A "BIT" OF DISTINCTION

MELACHRINO

Cigarettes Mild and Cool

"Do you think there will be many distinguished people at the dance tonight?"

"Why of course, it's going to be a MELACHRINO crowd."

STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon . . .

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THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY
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Gentlemen:

I am a bridge player, and would like to have your Melachrino-Bridge offer of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tip, Straw tip and Plain ends—a score-pad with the official rules of contract bridge and two packs of Congress Cards (free of any advertising) *bearing my monogram*—$4.75 value, obtainable for $2.50 with this coupon, to introduce Melachrinos.

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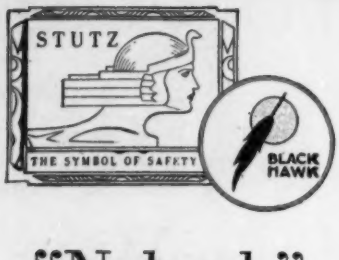
THE ONE CIGARETTE SMOKED THE WORLD OVER



"Noback"

The sensation of the Auto Show was *"Noback."* It automatically prevents undesirable and dangerous backward rolling of cars on hills and inclines, without the use of brakes. Thoroughly automatic.

And exclusive with Stutz and Blackhawk!

Naturally it is a Stutz advancement. What other maker should produce it than the one who has pioneered safety-glass, low-weight, Weymann bodies, "side-bumper" running boards, double adjustable seats, front and rear—and makes two cars equipped with these added features: four speeds forward, *deceleration* by the most modern braking system known, and a new gas pump that the industry has awaited for years.

A car and driver will be placed at your disposal.

STUTZ
sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK
at $2345 to $2955

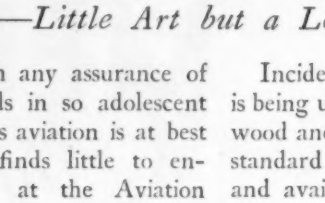
Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

THE AVIATION SHOW

Conservatism of Youth—Landgoing Airplane—Little Art but a Lot of Service

TO speak with any assurance of definite trends in so adolescent an industry as aviation is at best difficult, and one finds little to encourage prophecies at the Aviation Show, which continues at the Grand Central Palace through February 13. Apparently progress in design this year has been very modest indeed, with butterfly colors, self-starters, folding wings, and a mild attempt at comfortable bodies the leading features. While there has been an increase in the use of all-metal construction, fabric and part-metal planes still predominate, and among the sixty-odd ships exhibited the honors remain well divided between biplanes and monoplanes. In the past, promises have been made that there would be radical changes in the fuel systems, which can cause so much unpleasantness when they fail, but apparently little has been done. Even the choice of bodies is limited, for there are but two main types—open-cockpit planes arranged like very narrow sport-phaeton cars, and cabin planes much like the tiny Austin sedan that was at the recent Automobile Show.



Prices, however, are considerably improved. One may now purchase standard models at from $3,000 to $15,000, depending on whether they are open or closed and on the type of engine used. E. H. Holmes, for example, sells the Swallow at $1,795 without a motor. The Curtiss Flying Service offers the Curtiss Robin for $4,000, with the alluring qualification —"flyaway at St. Louis." If you wish it knocked down and shipped f.o.b. there is an extra charge. The Roosevelt Flying School quotes the Travel-air three-seater open biplane at $3,350 delivered. The reason for selling a plane without a motor, as many do, is that the customer may be satisfied with an OX-5 engine, which is a practical cruising motor whose price allows him to buy his plane comparatively inexpensively, or he may insist on a high-speed Pratt & Whitney, Wright, or other de luxe engine, which will add appreciably to the total amount of money he will spend.

Incidentally, the air-cooling system is being used more than ever, and Heywood and Eclipse self-starters are now standard equipment with some planes, and available for an extra charge on virtually all.

MOTH, a two-seater biplane, is wisely recognizing the needs of the amateur rather than catering primarily to the professional pilot. The ship has a tail-wheel, so that it can be towed behind a motor car, and wings which can be folded back along the body, making storage in a large garage possible. There will probably be a vogue for towable planes, but the makers should remember in time that most state laws restrict the width of any vehicle on the road to a maximum of eight feet, unless a special permit has been granted. The Moth (which is equipped with a de Haviland engine) has dual controls, ample luggage space for two large suitcases, and speaking-tubes that allow the passengers to converse above the roar.

DIVERTING as the color effects on many of the planes are, they remain for the most part in the primitive school of decoration. Seating space will always necessarily be contracted except in the large commercial planes, but much can be done to improve the rather bare interiors. The instruments could be arranged with more regard for aesthetic effect, and the interior woodwork might atone in craftsmanship for the lack of space. Some effort is being made in these directions in the cabin vehicles. The Columbia Air Lines' Triad has a carpet, domelight, footrail, windows of non-shatterable glass, and a baggage compartment, and Lockheed-Vega and the Ryan Brougham also offer well-fitted sedan bodies. In the lower price ranges, such as the Monocoupe and the smaller Buhl, we find a tendency to shield the passengers with fully enclosed compartments fitted with glas-

sine windows, like those in touring-car curtains.

Surprisingly enough La Roe Airways is one of the few exhibits to realize the value of offering a plane which will take off under varying conditions. This house presents the Alexander Eaglerock, an open biplane with wheels, skis, or floats, as you wish. Obviously, for all-year sport such equipment is desirable. On the other hand, the exhibitors realize, astutely enough, that they are presenting air service as a whole as well as machines. E. H. Holmes is making a feature of its new airport at Jackson Heights, and Eastern Aeronautical, in exhibiting its three-place open-cockpit Command-Aire, points out that customers can be provided with storage and service facilities at Newark. For beginners, the Roosevelt Flying School is offering lessons at thirty dollars an hour, equipping each student with the sensible if ominous comfort of a parachute. A neat parachute, incidentally, may be purchased for three hundred and fifty dollars.

ENTERTAINING as an item in current history, the Show gives one a glimpse into the future rather than any great amount of satisfaction with the accomplishments of the present. However, though we were not greatly impressed by the mechanical improvements of the past year, we can still safely predict that, with such antidotes for emergencies as have been provided, next summer will see more amateur flying than ever over Westchester and the Hamptons.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

STRANGE INTERBOROUGH

The right of your two silken knees
Is pressed by soiled blue dungarees;
To left, and growing ever bolder,
A truckman leans against your shoulder;
While I, a stranger 'cross the aisle,
Don't even dare a furtive smile;
Aware that flirting thus might be
Considered an impropriety.

—CARROLL CARROLL

•

I tell those aspiring writers who write me for advice to read, read, read. Everything. From the classic writers to the modern. Write, write, write, tirelessly, all the time. Then, above all, one must have lived.—*Louis Bromfield interviewed in The Writer.*

Have lived, have lived, have lived!

The Curve of Your Cheek

MAKE it alluring—the face that's so close to his eyes. The curve of your cheeks must be perfection as you dance—when you're beside him in the car—as you thrill together to the second act.

Beautiful skin can be had so easily, velvet soft, smooth as an Ophir rose. Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia is as easy to use as your compact. A little Ambrosia on cotton—pat it over your face. Feel Ambrosia cleansing pores. Enjoy its tonic effect. No grease can get in your hair. There's nothing to wipe away.

Stroke your face upward till dry. Your skin is like satin under your finger tips. New color comes in your cheeks. Fatigue lines disappear. You're young and refreshed—certain of happiness now.

Prove to yourself the joy that Ambrosia can be. Return the coupon. We will send you at once a Pocket Flacon of Ambrosia free—enough for sixteen days of radiant loveliness.

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the unique flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At all the finer drug and department stores.

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For me a Pocket Flacon free.

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MARTIN BECK THEA.

45th St., West of 8th Ave.

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Eves. 8:50

Moves to Alvin Theatre, 52 St. West of Broadway, beg. Wednesday Mat.

CAPRICE

GUILD Th., W. 52. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thur. & Sat., 2:40

STRANGE INTERLUDE

John Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way Eves. Only at 5:30

Opening Program—Now Playing

"TWO DAYS"

The Russian "Last Laugh"

"HANDS"

A cinema-ballet . . . enacted exclusively by hands.

"FALL of the HOUSE of USHER"

Poe's most famous thriller.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S "1 A.M."

"The Frog Princess"—A Burlesque Coq d'Or

52 W. 8th ST. *Just West of 5th Ave.* Continuous From 12 to 12 Direction Symon Gould

---

GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 43rd. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

FUNNIEST MUSICAL PLAY IN TOWN!

HELLO DADDY!

with LEW FIELDS

Ben Pollack and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra

Staged under the personal supervision of JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

ETHEL BARRYMORE

in "THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

By G. Martinez Sierra

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Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ELTINGE Thea. W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

11th SENSATIONAL MONTH

LEW LESLIE'S

'BLACKBIRDS'

THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE

MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY THURSDAY

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ELMER RICE'S NEW PLAY

STREET SCENE

"You find it as vital, as fascinating, as comic as the streets along which New York people live." —*J. Brooks Atkinson, Times.*

Extra Mats. Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays

"'Poppa' is as delightful as 'The Show Off'. I have never enjoyed any comedy more."—*Theodore Dreiser, America's Greatest Author.*

THE UPROARIOUS FARCE

POPPA

HUDSON Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NEW AMSTERDAM Theatre West 42nd St.

"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Dir. MATS. WED. & SAT.

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EDDIE CANTOR in "Whoopee"

with ETHEL SHUTTA & All Star Cast

ZIEGFELD THEATRE, 54th St. and 6th Ave. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

Entire Mezzanine $4.

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Greatest Show Ziegfeld Ever Produced

Norma Terris, Howard Marsh, Eva Puck, Sammy White, Helen Morgan, Edna May Oliver and CHARLES WINNINGER

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A Fabulous Comedy by S. N. Behrman

Ruth A. E. Constance

GORDON MATTHEWS COLLIER

Production designed by Robert Edmond Jones

MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE

Front Page

UPROARIOUS

NEWSPAPER FARCE

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42 St.

Evs. at 8:50. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

DAVID BELASCO Presents

ULRIC

LENORE as MIMA

BELASCO Thea., W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30 Sharp

Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

MORRIS GEST ANNOUNCES LAST WEEKS OF

Balieff's Chauve Souris

INTERNATIONAL REVUE—COMPLETE NEW

JOLSON'S THEATRE 59th Street & 7th Avenue

Evs. 8:30. Matinees Friday & Saturday, 2:30

SHUBERT Thea., 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

WALTER WOOLF

in the Thrilling Musical Hit

"THE RED ROBE"

with HELEN GILLILAND

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

Extra Mats. Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays

CONTINUED SUCCESS!

of the Best Mystery Drama of the Season

ONE WAY! STREET!

by Beulah Poynter

REPUBLIC Thea., W. 42nd. Evs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

VANDERBILT Thea., W. 48 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Lyle D. Andrews' New Musical Comedy

LADY FINGERS

with

Eddie Buzzell & Louise Brown

JOHN PRICE JONES—AL SEXTON

MARJORIE WHITE & McCARTHY SISTERS

The Cream of All Vanderbilt Musical Shows

BOOTH Thea., W. 45th St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:50

"One of the best acted pieces now in New York."—*St. John Ervine, The World.*

"THE

MARRIAGE BED"

POP. MAT. WEDNESDAY

BEST SEATS $2.00

44th ST. Theatre, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

THE

M A R X

BROTHERS IN

The Musical Laff Circus

"ANIMAL CRACKERS"

GOOD BALCONY & MEZZANINE SEATS $1 to $3 at BOX OFFICE

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CONGAI

with

HELEN MENKEN

POP. MAT. WED. Best Seats $2

EVES. Exc. Sat. BEST SEATS $3

"HOUSE UNGUARDED"

is the best psychological melodrama I have seen in many years. Lester Lonergan is a GREAT ACTOR." —*Benjamin De Casseres*

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LEW CANTOR *presents*

JANET BEECHER

in "COURAGE"

with JUNIOR DURKIN

RITZ Thea., W. 48th St., Evs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

21ST—BIG WEEK—21ST

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"You're the Cream in My Coffee" song hit

The Musical Knockout

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting

Katharine

Cornell *in*

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BORDONI

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A Musicomedy by Martin Brown with Irving Aaronson's "THE COMMANDERS"

RUTH DRAPER

in her original character sketches

Evenings 8:50 and Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

Sunday Evening performances during February (no performance Monday)

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Management Actor Managers

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BEATRICE NOEL

Lillie & Coward

in COCHRAN'S REVUE

This Year of Grace

with MOSS and FONTANA

Book, Lyrics & Music by NOEL COWARD

SELWYN Thea., W. 42nd St., Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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LITTLE ACCIDENT
with THOMAS MITCHELL and KATHERINE ALEXANDER
A new American Comedy
by FLOYD DELL and THOMAS MITCHELL
"Packed with laugh wallops." MIRROR

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's music shows."—*Her.-Trib.*
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SCHWAB & MANDEL'S GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150—with
Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, Gus Shy
IMPERIAL W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp
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AL **JOLSON** *"The Singing Fool"*
WINTER GARDEN Broadway at 50th Street
Midnite Show Sat. 11:45
SEE TWICE DAILY HEAR
FANNIE **BRICE** *in "MY MAN"*
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WILL ROGERS
AND
DOROTHY STONE
in the Musical Extravaganza
"THREE CHEERS"
GLOBE Thea., B'way & 46th St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

49TH ST. Thea., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The Actors' Theatre Inc. presents
BLANCHE YURKA
in IBSEN'S
HEDDA GABLER

NEWS **LEXINGTON**
Feb. 9, 10, 11: GILBERT & GARBO in "Woman of Affairs"; Feb. 12, 13: Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Seas"; Feb. 14, 15: Adolphe Menjou in "Marquis Preferred"; Feb. 16, 17, 18: "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE."
51ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

PLAZA THEATRE Madison Ave at 59th Street
Direction LEO BRECHER
Sat. Feb. 9: JOAN CRAWFORD in "Dream of Love"; Sun. & Mon. Feb. 10 & 11: "SUBMARINE" with Jack Holt; Tues. & Wed. Feb. 12 & 13: DOLORES DEL RIO in "Revenge"; Thurs. & Fri. Feb. 14 & 15: "SHOW FOLKS" with Eddie Quillan.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Country Life in Russia
—The Perfect Hostess

THE new Russian picture, "Two Days," at the very newest of the new little movie theatres, The Film Guild Cinema in West Eighth Street, is worth seeing—as are the two or three other items on the same bill.

"Two Days" deals with a phase of the recent revolution, but without the tricks and fantasies of photography which generally distinguish the films of the Russian school. It lays, to be sure, the native stress on the tragic side of things—indeed excelling in some moments of horror anything we recall having witnessed on the screen—but it depends for its effect upon a direct story and situation and characterization, and is successful in its result.

The picture follows the fortunes of a great country house, and those attached to it, during the brief but critical space of two days; showing the flight of the owners before the Bolshevist forces, the occupation for one night by the Bolsheviks, their retreat before a sally of the Czar's army, and the ensuing occupation by the Imperialists. Only an old servant persists throughout these various tenancies, and on him the story is centred. This part is played by one Samchykovski, who bears a surprising resemblance in physical appearance and even in acting ability to Emil Jannings—a Jannings we should say without a gift of comedy (at least there is no evidence of it in the picture, nor, for that matter, any opportunity). Certainly he is to be compared with Jannings in tragic power.

It's a brutal picture, inevitably making no salaams before the old aristocracy, but plausible throughout, and exciting.

On the same bill, "The Fall of the House of Usher" is one of those curiosities of photography, abstract in conception and possibly a little arty and tenuous. There is also a delightful color picture, in which the colors come out with real delicacy—a fairy story somewhat in the Dulac manner which should certainly be included in a bill for children, which this

In 1901 the first *Banking house was opened in Larchmont..*

¶ On the day The Larchmont National Bank & Trust Company began its career of service to the citizens of its community, the firm of Fish & Marvin already had a record of 12 years of activity to its credit. Since 1889 this organization has devoted itself to Westchester County, and during these 40 years the name "Fish & Marvin" has become a synonym for the highest type of experienced, informed real estate service. A service available through its principal office and twelve branch offices located throughout the county.

Fish & Marvin
Since 1889
527 Fifth Ave., New York
Phone Murray Hill 6526

Drop in for a 10 minute dance lesson
FREE

To prove how quickly—enjoyably—you can become a brilliant, finished dancer, one of Arthur Murray's 95 talented young instructors will analyze your dancing and give you a ten minute lesson in the smart new steps—*without charge.* No obligation. All instruction private. Studio just a short block from Grand Central. Open until 10 P.M. for visitors.

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PRESIDENT 48 St. W. of B'way Smoking in Balcony
ALEXANDER CARR
in Hilarious Love Comedy
THE GUINEA PIG
with MARY CARROLL
"Refreshing."—*Tribune.* "Sparkling."—*News.*

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Cont. 12 to 12
Popular Prices
American Premiere
"THE MAN WHO CHEATED LIFE"
with CONRAD VEIDT and Werner Krauss
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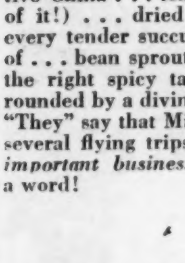
AT first, PAUL WHITEMAN, from the perfect harmony you were radiating over a generous plate of our fragrant Onion Soup—such Onion Soup!—we were all set to tell the world "Reuben's Onion Soup Inspires Genius!"—but no! When you ordered two of the soft-boiled eggs that are our pride and joy (they reach our tables in the delicious dawn of youth almost before the responsible hen has ceased cackling)—and again, and *again* asked for that particular tune—well!—it takes soft-boiled eggs *à la Reuben* to light the flaming torch of genius!

* * *

ANN PENNINGTON dashed in just before leaving on her triumphal tour with those-there Scandals and played right to her culinary favorite, Reuben's Chicken Madiola. A tantalizing Chop Suey-ish deliciousness as was never dreamed of in its native China . . . tender young chicken (lots of it!) . . . dried noodles, very crisp . . . every tender succulent vegetable we know of . . . bean sprouts . . . prepared with just the right spicy tang . . . the whole surrounded by a divinely piquant cream sauce. "They" say that Miss Pennington had made several flying trips back to New York on *important business*—but we're not saying a word!

* * *



IN "This Year of Grace" we have with us Dramatist-Dancer-Actor-Manager-NOEL COWARD. A titled celebrity—what? Packin' 'em in nightly, Mr. Coward dashes straight to our portals from the theatre, and proceeds to make quite a dent in a trayful of our deliciously "yummy" Petits Fours (whose concoction is a secret locked forevermore within the heart of Our Chef). Add to these our delicately fragrant Tea—a special China blend—and you have Mr. Coward's own recipe for Epicurean Joy!

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from a sandwich to a National Institution

present one at the Film Guild distinctly is not.

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET," from Barrie's "Half an Hour," owes its chief charm in the movie version to the acting of Ruth Chatterton. If you have never seen the original you will probably enjoy the movie more than if you had, for the exact and minute skill of the tightly constructed play has been somewhat lost in the film. You may remember that this is the story, all happening in the brief half hour before dinner, of a lady who leaves her husband to elope with a lover. While she is waiting in the latter's house he is killed by a truck, and she is forced to return home and play her part as hostess. In the movie, unlike the play, you see the accident in the street, and the dramatic surprise when the dead lover is brought to his home—which Barrie managed so well—is lost. The ending too, the scene with the husband, is prolonged and overdone as Barrie never wrote it. As we can't, however, see "Half an Hour" now, we can enjoy this film without worrying too much over comparisons.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN'S "Captain Lash" is a lively sketch of a stoker's romance with a first-cabin passenger, who is lovely but a thief. There are rousing scraps in it, but as a whole the film is hardly important or very enthralling. "Naughty Baby," with Alice White, is routine—perhaps even a little worse than routine—sentimental comedy about a checkroom girl and a young millionaire. If it is the only entertainment the Fates allow you, stay home and read your bills and think about the income tax.

—J. C. M.

•

CLAYTON, ALA., Dec. 15 — Sheriff O. H. Teal, of Barbour, was called at 1:30 Friday morning in the absence of Sherriff Burch, of Russell county, to bring the bloodhounds to Hurtsboro to trail the persons who fired upon Night Watchman Jackson. Mr. Jackson was shot by two different Oklahoma, four years ago. Santa Claus attempted to take a gift from the top of the tree. He pulled down a branch that was decorated with inflammable material. It came in contact with the flame of a candle. In the confusion which followed an oil lamp was knocked over. It exploded.—*Eufaula (Ala.) Daily Citizen.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

A Fortunate Lady and Some Mere Mortals

THE miracle of Georgia O'Keeffe is again with us in the Stieglitz Room 303, at the Anderson Galleries. In a country where the norm rather than the departure is worshipped, her way of doing things causes contention. However, she is fortunate in attracting two great classes of picture lovers—the laymen who indulge themselves in the simple pleasure aroused by color, and the artists who have had to learn what she seems to have been given as a gift from the gods.

We suppose it is a gift. We find it hard to believe that any one in a normal span of life could learn as much about color as Miss O'Keeffe has or, having learned it, find the time to apply the knowledge. Her color relations seem to flow out of her fingers, subconsciously and certain in the necessary note and degree. Now and then, when Miss O'Keeffe combines this accuracy of color with the proper sense of form, she achieves a thrilling and dramatic picture. Her "Calla Lilies on Red" is as exciting a painting as anything we have seen this season. The intense, pure white of the two flowers shines with an uncanny luminosity against the green leaves. Behind the leaves is red. We believe it was Marsden Hartley, writing of O'Keeffe, who once said that she seems to catch red at the point where it turns into green. We know of few who have been able to juxtapose the two and achieve such beauty.

Miss O'Keeffe's favorite canvas, we believe, is a large one—"Yellow Hickory Leaves with Daisy." It too is a superb composition on the scale of yellow, running through the pure golds into orange. It takes more time to accomplish its purpose than the "Calla Lilies" does, or perhaps we should say it sets out on another errand; its mood is an autumnal one. The "Dark Leaves" is still another kind of picture. Nature here has imposed a mold on the artist, and we feel that the painter has made a generous gesture and allowed Nature to dictate. There is a Japanese feeling in the treatment,

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as there is in "Faded and Black Leaves."

Some of the other canvases show what Miss O'Keeffe can do when she has a mind to turn her hand to the pictorial. Her "Red Barn, Wisconsin" has some fine painting and almost achieves greatness. Her "Wave—Night" is a tour de force in mood and somewhat gentle compared with the singing flowers.

THE Whitney Studio Galleries has a crowded show of five artists—Emil Ganso, Blendon Campbell, Henry Gottlieb, Paul Rohland, and J. B. Flannagan—until February 9.

Mr. Ganso's exhibit is a refinement of the knowledge derived from a year's association with Pascin—with a dash or two of his own. His nudes are about as voluptuous as any that are permitted by Mr. Sumner.

Blendon Campbell has done something different with monotypes. By some means he has achieved a technique resembling etching, but these prints have a softer quality. We imagine he has gone further in this medium than anyone else working at it.

While they are somewhat confused and often cluttered, we found a strong and likable quality in the oils of Henry Gottlieb. Their color is down, but there is a nice mood about them.

THAT philanthropist, Durand-Ruel, has assembled a show of Eugène Boudin, borrowing many of his works from museums and private collections so that you may have a full record of his accomplishment. The exhibition affords a rare opportunity for students and those interested in the history of art. It was Boudin who taught Monet, and here and there in the exhibition you can pick out the bridges over which the great multitude crossed to the land of Impressionism. It has been said that the teacher later learned from the pupil. Several of the canvases of his last years bear marked traces of the new leaven. The earlier works have that quiet compelling charm, especially rich in the treatment of skies, of which he was more than master. The exhibit continues until February 12. —M. P.

•

YOUNG MAN for refined position in theatre about six feet tall.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

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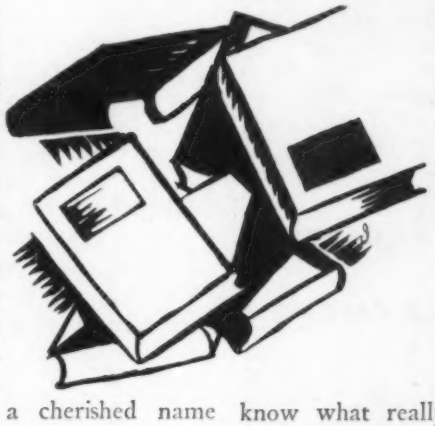
RECENT BOOKS

Cruel Reminder—A History that Doesn't Repeat

"ALL sensible and well-informed people," according to Saintsbury, "know that cookery books are delightful reading; and most wholesome when perused for a short time before dressing for dinner except in case of the bad-blooded, who may be tempted to quarrel with the dinner itself in comparison." And here is a cookery book, prefaced and introduced by Sheila Kaye-Smith and X. Marcel Boulestin—the latter a cherished name among London restaurateurs. Its title is "Dinners Long and Short," and its author is A. H. Adair. There is a chapter on "Polite Wine Drinking" which brings tears to the eyes and expatriation to the spirit.



"It is courting disaster to telephone vaguely to one's merchant . . . You should of course have confidence in your wine merchant, into whose hands you must, to a large extent, put yourself. He, acquainted with your tastes and with your pocket, will suggest to you this or that, a few dozens of fine vintage clarets, of rich Burgundies and hocks, and then you will want a supply of good, humble but honest wine to drink on ordinary occasions; for it is unnecessary to drink vintage wines every day."

It is reassuring and cheering to know that it is not necessary to have more than three wines with dinner—unless of course one's feeling about port is firm and aggressive.

This chapter moves on to a stirring climax—the size, shape, texture, and color of wine and liqueur glasses—and this characterization of wine, which pleased us very much:

"Wine is a complete and living entity, of which all the elements constitute an ensemble so complex and homogeneous that we cannot modify one or another without producing profound changes in the composition of the wine itself."

Half of the book is made up of carefully planned menus and of recipes. If the chapter on wines seems idyllic, the other sections are entirely practicable to conditions here—and now. Some of the dishes are exotic but they do not cry for forbidden fruits. There is a flavor of garlic and of good English mint about this book, and we found it fascinating; possibly with the prejudice engendered by our own memories of M. Boulestin's Château Lafitte, his omelettes, and the gay tranquillity of his restaurant.

LAST year the Italia started for polar regions. Its fortunes filled newspaper pages for weeks. Probably some few people know what really happened. "The Krassin," by Maurice Parijanine, and "The Tragedy of the Italia," by Davide Giudice, give two versions of the story.

From the first book Captain Zappi emerges without honor and without humanity. Parijanine's account of the condition of Zappi and Mariano, and the obvious and dreadful deductions as to the absence of Malmgren, is not hysterical and bears every evidence of having been painstakingly verified.

Giudice had the advantage of being present on the Krassin and able to talk to the men in their own language. He has, naturally, a strong Italian bias. The weakness of his book is his failure to answer the accusations which have already appeared in the press. He ignores them, and judging from the damning evidence of Parijanine's narrative, he may have been wise. They seem unanswerable.

These two books should be read together. They represent, as the story they record represents, the peaks of gallantry and the depths of degradation of which human beings are capable.

IT was a colorful period that Constance Rourke chose for "Troupers of the Gold Coast," the time when Lola Montez went to San Francisco looking as much like Lord Byron as she could. Those were the days of Ada Menken and her yellow turban, of the Booths, father and son, the Chapmans, and Julia Dean. Mary Ann Crabtree and her little red-haired daughter were there, looking on at

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first, then taking a spectacular part in a unique era in the history of the American stage. Although Miss Rourke's book bears as a subtitle, "The Rise of Lotta Crabtree," it is much more than the story of a gifted child and a successful soubrette. It's a slice of history with the frosting on it.

—R. L. L.

•

A SCOTTIE'S SATURDAY NIGHT

A canine Caledonian,
I find my way a stony 'un
'Mid those who have no ties with
Clan na Gael;
Since one thing shocks my gravity
And hence seems sheer depravity,
Permit me here to tongue a woeful
wail.

Each Sawbath eve unerringly
(I dinna say this slurringly—
I love my folk—though much they
do is tosh!)
Though tongue-scrubbed unco'
carefully,
I find myself despairfully
Committed to a soap-and-water wash!

Seems utterly ridiculous
This cleanliness meticulous
Unless, perchance, a-gallop through
the brush
I rouse the ire critical
Of pussy-cat mephitical—
The outcome of such by-play makes
one blush!

But ah, 'tis quite nonsensible
And highly reprehensible
To treat me as one treats an unlicked
cub—
Despite my barks demonstrative,
And strugglings remonstrative,
To damper fur and spirits—in a *tub!*

And yet, 'tis no admission that
The subsequent condition that
Ensues when one is bathed, then
toweled dry,
Engenders frisky scamperings
And douce ear-tweaking
pamperings—
A sportsman shouldna yaup—no more
will I!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

Whatever became of the old-fashioned Bowie girl who used to spend Saturday morning breathing into lamp chimneys and cleaning them with an old newspaper?—*Bowie (Tex.) Booster.*

For that matter, whatever became of the old newspapers?

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Humdrum House, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). A woman is forced to become interesting rather than domestic to keep her husband's erring affections.

Armistice and Other Memories, by R. H. Mottram (*Dial Press*). Some excellent short stories, vignettes of the war by the author of the "Spanish Farm" trilogy.

The Last September, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). A group of amusing people in Ireland at the time of the revolution. Suave and sophisticated.

Accident, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). A train journey between Paris and Rome involves the lives of several more or less delightful people. Very diverting.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doubleday, Doran*). How Mamba got herself "white folks" and fought for her granddaughter's chance. An admirable picture of old Charleston in a new age.

Transport, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). What happens to a group on an army transport between San Francisco and Manila. Sound psychology and an absorbing story.

A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). A trip to an island populated by creative artists and their "public." Amusing satire.

The Slower Judas, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Short stories that are not up to her novels but nevertheless contain some fine stuff.

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset (*Knopf*). Volume II of a magnificent tetralogy, "The Master of Hestviken." Fine characterization and plot. Don't miss its predecessor, "The Axe."

Procession, by Fannie Hurst (*Harper*). Five characteristic short stories just to show what their author can do between novels.

First Love, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). The emotion everyone experiences—once—treated tenderly and searchingly.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag (*Harper*). The author of "Giants in the Earth" carries on the account of Per Hansa's son in a sincere story of the revolt of youth.

Through Beds of Stone, by M. L. Haskins (*Knopf*). Really distinguished writing and a close analysis of the growth of a woman's soul. Not for the reader who wants his plot hot off the griddle.

While the Bridegroom Tarried, by Edna Bryner (*Dutton*). The relations of an egoist to various women. A curious and not always lucid tale, pretentiously written.

The Gallant Came Late, by Marian Storm (*Putnam*). A first novel of sincerity and beauty, particularly effective in its treatment of the heroine's youth on a Maine farm.

Mantis, by Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). The discoverer of Trader Horn makes entomology in South Africa the background for a book of unusual freshness and romantic appeal.

Less recent:

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W.

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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

FOOTPRINTS, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE SEALED TRUNK, by Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY, by Anthony Berkeley (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . DEAD MEN'S SHOES, by Lee Thayer (*Sears*). . . . DEATH AT FOUR CORNERS, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dial Press*). . . . NIGHTMARE, by Gerald Mygatt (*Penn*). . . . THE EYE OF OSIRIS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). . . . PARADISE COURT, by J. S. Fletcher (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE IN TUESDAY MARKET, by J. S. Fletcher (*Knopf*). . . . THE SPECTACLES OF DR. CAGLIOSTRO, by Henry S. Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . THE HIDDEN WOMAN, by James Hay, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE TULE MARSH MURDER, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER AT SEA, by Richard Connell (*Minton, Balch*). . . . ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS, by Irving Bacheller (*Bobbs-Merrill*).

GENERAL

TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, by Constance Rourke (*Harcourt, Brace*). Fascinating story of the California stage after the gold rush.

DINNERS LONG AND SHORT, by A. H. Adair (*Knopf*). Menus and recipes that make delightful reading even in a prohibition country.

THE KRASSIN, by Maurice Parijanine (*Macaulay*). One version of the rescue of the survivors of the Italia. Dramatic and shocking.

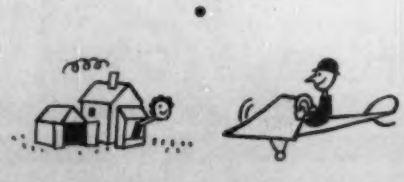
THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA, by Davide Giudice (*Appleton*). The other side of the story. An Italian's point of view about the Zappi-Malmgren-Mariano controversy.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by David Karsner (*Brentano*). The character of our seventh president in some detail. Entertaining biography.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT, by Muriel Draper (*Harper*). An informal and fascinating chronicle of Muriel and Paul Draper's life and friendships during six colorful years in Florence and London.

SIMON GIRTY, by Thomas Boyd (*Minton, Balch*). The bad man of the border, who cast his lot with the Indians and the British during the Revolution—a picturesque subject.

PERSONALITIES OF ANTIQUITY, by Arthur



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•

QUIET PLEASE

THE CURTAIN IS UP

"THERE'S that man, Joe!"

"Not so loud."

"What have I seen him in before?"

"I don't know."

"What *have* we seen him in before?"

"I never saw him before."

"You have too seen him before."

"What's the difference?"

"Look in the program and see who he is. . . . Joe, look in the program . . ."

"Be quiet, will you?"

"Joe."

"*Well?*"

"Give me your lighter."

"Now what difference does it make who—"

"You're the meanest—"

"Oh, take the lighter."

"*Thank* you. . . . Joe . . . Joe."

"What?"

"Do you snap this thing?"

"Oh, let it go."

"Oop! I got it. Let me see. . . Here it is! Thomas Mitchell! *Of course.* We saw him in 'The Wisdom Tooth.' . . . We saw him in 'The Wisdom Tooth,' Joe."

"Oh, all right, all *right.*"

"You're the *meanest* man . . ."

—JAMES THURBER

•

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Increase DeGroat, of Frankfort. —*The New Jersey Herald.*

And that, answering an old question, is what's in a name.

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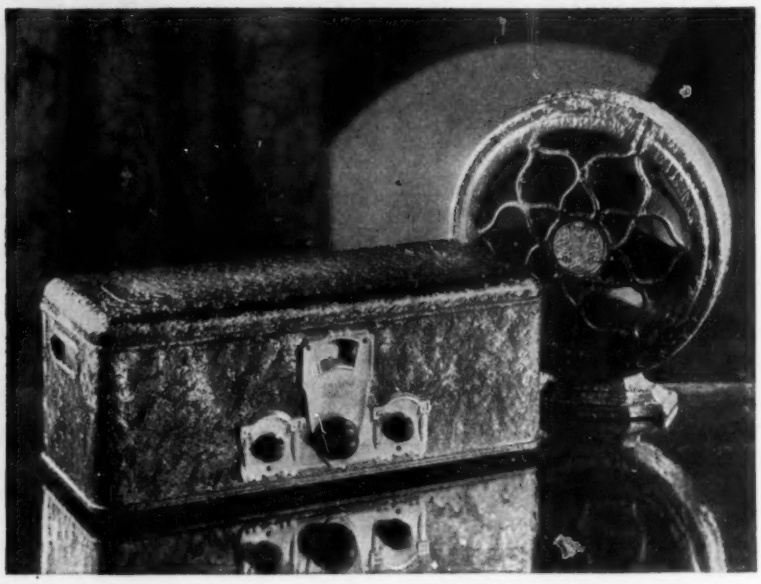

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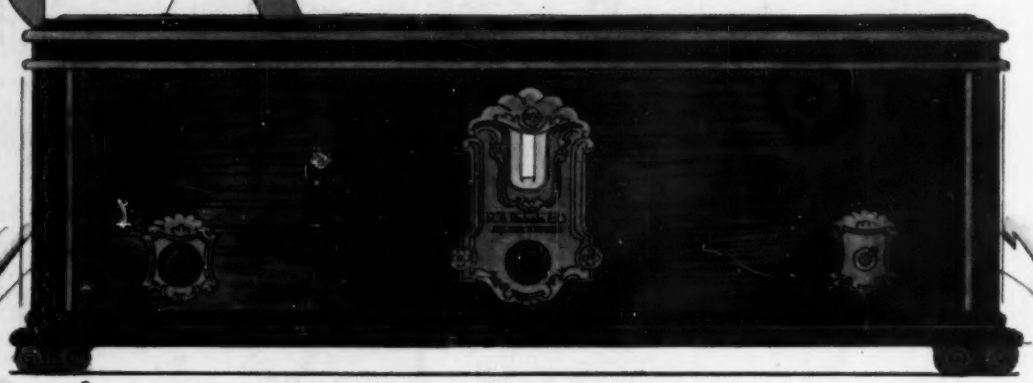

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